



A true line needs no lash

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## Thoroughbreds

By Salvator

**Prices Abroad Should Give  
American Profit-Takers  
Plenty To Think About**

Cable dispatches to the daily press last week announced that at the annual fall sales of Thoroughbreds held at Newmarket, England, over \$500,000 had been paid for some 350 horses, of all ages, sexes and degrees.

The average price paid being about \$1,500.

Also that the top price paid during the sales was \$68,000, for the (un-tried) brood mare **Olein**.

Along with this information comes the farther announcement that "A. E. Alcott, London building contractor, who recently bought the late Lord Glanely's racing stud of 134 horses for about \$460,000 has already cleared some \$180,000 through resales."

Major Petch, the chief auctioneer at these sales, is reported as saying:

"People are buying blood-stock now as they would diamonds, stocks and bonds normally."

Continuing, he stated:

"Present prices I estimate are about 70 per cent above pre-war and out of all comparison to those ruling during the battle of Britain, when finely-bred race horses were

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### BRANDYWINE HOUNDS

"Brandywine Meadow Farm", West Chester, Pennsylvania.  
Established 1892.  
Recognized 1901.



### Election Day Run

The meet was at Lenape at 9:00 A. M., Eastern Wartime, temperature 50 degrees in the morning, rising to 60 degrees in the afternoon; weather cloudy to clearing after an all-night rain; wind northwest about twenty miles per hour; ground wet, but going good; hounds sixteen and one-half couples including six couples of young entry. The Master hunted the hounds. Mary Mather, Frank Turner and James McNair whipped-in. Mrs. Mather, as usual, acted as Field Master. Only a small wartime Field of about ten was out including Jane Mather, Ann Mather Harrison, Josephine C. Mather, Kenneth Caswell, Charlie Guss, Francis Stewart, Thomas Pennell and others.

Huey's small woods was drawn blank, but on the north side in an alfalfa field old "Quarryman" spoke to a cold line. The pack worked it

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## Meadow Brook Hounds Provide Excellent Sport

BY BETTY BABCOCK

With the strength of the pack cut from 50 to 24½ couples, the hunt stable and kennel staffs reduced 50%, the Joint Acting Masters away in war service, and 21 young and not-so-young male members in the armed forces, while the distaff side of the subscribers are actively engaged in home defense duties, the Meadow Brook hounds have produced 6 weeks of far better than average sport.

This in addition to the fact that the grand "old" man of hunting, the Dean of American Huntsmen, Thomas Allison, is also looking after 10½ couples of beagles for the Buckram Beagles, 5 couples of Drag Hounds for the Smithtown Hunt and 7½ couples of puppies of the Meadow Brook.

Hounds hunt twice weekly and the fields have averaged 30 with a welcome number of officers vanning their horses from Mitchell Field.

Scenting conditions up until two weeks ago, when the Eastern seaboard was swept by freezing temperatures have been very good. Better than have existed for many autumns. For reasons unknown foxes have moved from coverts which have been sure finds for years, to settle in great numbers in what appear to be less favorable coverts. The Underhill, Burden, Chadwick and Stevens foxes have set up housekeeping in George Mann's woods, the Broad Hollow and Iselin foxes are greatly reduced in numbers, but Sir Ashley's and the

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## Reminiscences Of A Hunting WAAC From Monmouth

BY NANCY GADDIS HELLER

This may sound like a chapter out of Somervell Ross, but in reality, it is a few notes on the excellent sport of hunting in Monmouth County.

As ex-field secretary, one of my major regrets in leaving home was the thought of missing hunting, but I was one of the fortunate women to be taken into the Officer Candidate School here at Fort Des Moines and, after the usual struggle of acquiring such foreign knowledge as the keeping of company property books, defense against chemical attack, military discipline and courtesy and what not, I became by the skin of my teeth and with a great deal of luck—one of the first Third Officers of the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps.

Although this may sound like the title of a female policeman, may I say, for the benefit of the uninitiated, that it is in reality the same as a "shavetail". Soon after this very momentous event, my sister officers began taking their leaves, but I decided to wait until hunting got well underway and then go home for a few days with the hounds. Which, very briefly, takes care of a summer normally spent getting horses fit, seeing farmers, and anticipating the coming hunting season in general.

In normal years, the Monmouth County Hunt started its cubbing season on Labor Day, but as our M.

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## Steeplechasing

**Mrs. Ambrose Clark's Stable  
Tops This Year's List  
For Season's Honors**

The report of the year 1942, is covered by the colors of Mrs. F. Ambrose Clark, whose familiar light blue, canary sleeves and braid and canary cap were carried to the place of honor among owners of steeplechasers this season. Among the 12 horses that are listed as assisting the stable by contributing to the position at the top of the list are **Invader, Lovely Night, The Beak, Royal Archer, Imp. Boojum II, Top Milk, Raylwyn and Alcaldale**.

From a small stable and a "young stable", when years of training and ownership are considered came **Elkridge**, to demonstrate the judgement of the late Thomas Hitchcock, from whose dispersal sale the son of **Mate—Best By Test** was bought by Mr. Kent Miller. **Elkridge** stood up under a hard season of campaigning to capture 7 events, being closely followed by the big bay **Frederic II**, the Rokeby, **Meeting House** being in 3rd position.

Those who derive probably as much sport from steeplechasing as do the owners, are the grand band of horsemen who train these distance horses. This year James E. Ryan turned in an account of the biggest number of "winners saddled" as

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### BLUE RIDGE HUNT

Millwood, Clarke county, Virginia.  
Established 1888.  
Recognized 1904.



## Now It Can Be Told

By A. HENRY HIGGINSON

It was almost twenty years ago that I had a day with a famous Canadian pack that will always rank as one of the best hunts I've ever had on that continent which lies across the Atlantic Ocean. It was at the time of the Canadian Royal Winter Fair, at Toronto where I was judging, and of course coming in continual contact with George Beardmore, who had been Master up there for forty years, and with Charlie Morris who was with me as Huntsman for eleven years. I had always wanted to get a day with the Toronto, but was particularly keen to do so at this time, because Morris had told me of the beautiful new country which at that time had just been opened up. Beardmore, with

whom I was staying, was kind enough to say that he would give me a bye day at any time; so I begged off one morning and afternoon; persuaded Harry Colt to handle the classes alone, and accepted Allan Case's kind suggestion to motor me out to the meet.

Case had said that if I would come a bit early he would see to it that there were varieties enough of hunting clothes to fit me out somehow; for I had nothing with me in the way of riding things. I arrived at Case's at 9:00 o'clock and the first thing he did was to take me upstairs to a bedroom and show me the assortment of hunting things he had laid out for me. There were

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The Blue Ridge and Rock Hill Hounds went out 15 times during November. Five fixtures had to be abandoned because of high winds and rain, but there were 2 bye days and none were blank. The number of the military who hunted with us during the cubbing season was considerably increased in November. Former regulars with these packs back on furlough were Lt. George P. Greenhalgh, Jr., and Pvt. Shirley Payne and "Red" Kent. The latter decided on a hunting holiday and borrowed the personal mount of his superior officer at the Front Royal Remount Depot, Lieut. Adolph Pons, who also hunted with us. Other officers from the all star cast of top horsemen now assembled at Front Royal who came out were Capt. Rand, and Lieutenants Lee and Allen. During January and February 1938, Lieut. Allen came down

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# Hunting Notes:-



## TO THE MASTERS

We ask you to send in notes to the BERRYVILLE office each week. Hunting men away in the service read their Chronicle, we send it to them.

## Thanksgiving Day

By A. HENRY HIGGINSON

Sitting here in my pleasant library in England on Thanksgiving Day of 1942, perhaps it is natural that my thoughts should go back to some of the Thanksgiving Days I have spent in years gone by—usually in the hunting field. Oddly enough, I have never hunted on the New England holiday since I came to old England fourteen years ago, I suppose because neither the Cattistock nor the South Dorset hunted on Thursdays. In the days when I lived in America there was rarely a Thanksgiving Day when I did not hunt—either with my own hounds or with some neighbouring pack. Although the holiday is a National one, it had its origin in New England in early Puritan days, and perhaps means more to us in Massachusetts than in any State in the Union. Since I have lived in England I have always kept up the tradition of turkey and cranberry sauce and mince pie, at first to the intense amusement of my British housekeeper, who informed me, when I told her that I wanted a turkey on that day, that no one ate turkey in England before Christmas and that she could not get one. I think she was quite indignant when I insisted on it, but she soon got used to our American ways.

I am not hunting to-day, so I must get my fun in looking back on some of the great hunts of former years, and as they come before me. I am minded to share my visions with readers of The Chronicle. One of the first Thanksgiving Day meets which comes to my mind is of a bitterly cold day when the Middlesex Hounds—my own—met at Littleton Common. My Diary tells me that the thermometer showed 15 degrees of frost—an Englishman would say. Hounds would not have hunted in England but we did, and we had an amusing day, though not an outstanding one. I remember that the hunt finally ended near North Acton and the principal thing that stands out is the fact that my friend Colonel Chamberlain—who will have his Thanksgiving Dinner with me here to-night,—still bears on the top of his head the scar which he received on that day, from hitting his head on a New England apple-tree. That was forty years ago. Five years later we had a cracking good hunt on Thanksgiving Day in Virginia, meeting at Oatlands House, where Mr. Eustis entertained the

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## A Request To The Hunts

This being the hunting season, we would appreciate pictures of meets, or of hounds in any interesting spot during a day's run. We think it will mean much to the men you have away in the services. We would like to use them. Thanks in anticipation. Remember to identify riders.

## ROLLING HILLS HUNT

Northridge, California.  
Established 1937.  
Registered 1938.



Please excuse my delay in answering your letter requesting information regarding the Rolling Hills Hunt, as I have been in Mexico.

The Rolling Hills Hunt is not out of existence though it is true that both the former Masters, Mr. Aiden Roark and Mr. A. Bertram Gough, are now in active service. About a year ago Mr. Gough wrote to Mr. Webb paying our dues to the Masters Association and listing us as temporarily inactive, due to the fact that we had moved from Palos Verdes to Northridge because of the much better available hunting country. Just before Mr. Gough left for Fort Riley he came out to see me in Northridge and we agreed that due to War conditions that it might be best to remain listed as temporarily inactive.

However, since June of last year I have live-hunted coyote and fox on an average of twice a month in Northridge. I have kept the pack as a Private Hunt, invitational only, and acted as M. H. My Huntsman has been Mr. Robert F. McElroy of Montrose, California. During the summers I have trained a Junior Hunt Group of children. We have over 10,000 acres of available country here, open fields, woods, mountains with ditches streams and arroyo beds to jump and we have done some panelling. Phyllis French.

(Editor's Note: We want to thank Mrs. French for her letter about the Rolling Hill Hunt. We feel sure we will be voicing the opinion of the Masters of Foxhounds Association when we tell her that she is certainly doing her part in keeping hunting alive for those who will come back to her country and enjoy sport, when they are through with the war.)

## ESSEX FOX HOUNDS

Peapack, New Jersey.  
Established 1912.  
Recognized 1912.



The Thanksgiving meet of the Essex Fox Hounds was the occasion of perhaps the most spectacular run of the season so far. The fixture was at the Field Farm, home of Mr. and Mrs. K. B. Schley, and in the absence of Mr. Schley, who is M. F. H. of the Essex, Mr. R. V. N. Gambrill, treasurer of the hunt, acted as field master for the day.

Recent heavy rains had made the country so deep that hounds did not move off from this meet as they usually do, which is down across the river and into the Charles McHose farm. Instead they were lifted to the Lamington Road and not cast in till the Rattlesnake Bridge covert was reached about eleven-twenty. No sooner did the lead hounds get their noses down than the whole pack was off with a great cry that meant a scorching scent. At the same moment Mike Heinz, one of the whips, viewed the fox away on the other side of the covert, but few people heard his shout since everyone was busy getting in line to jump the single panel from the road into the woods. By the time all were over the covert was empty and hounds were so far away that the stragglers could not even hear their music.

Bursting from the covert, hounds took a straight line out of the McHose farm and at such speed that they seemed to be flying. The country soon became deep and rough and full of wire and the horses could not follow step by step. For a while it was a case of everyone picking his own line and making all the speed he could. Those who knew the country were able to catch an occasional distant glimpse of the hounds; those who did not went by ear and guess-work or by hunters' instinct. Hounds held their furious pace through the Island Farm and up to Mrs. Oswald Fowler's new house, then, swerving, they swept across her lawn, back through the Island Farm and over to Pidcock's woods, where they checked briefly—for the first time. This was a full fifty minutes as fast or faster than horses could gallop. The check gave the field a chance to catch up and from all over the country they converged, but before anyone could draw rein, hounds owned their line again and tore off in the direction of Oldwick. Just as they left the covert, three deer emerged and bounded away toward the mountains, but hounds never faltered. They had no noses for anything but their own fine fox. By this time he must have been feeling the pressure they had put on him, because before reaching Oldwick he circled and went back into Pidcock's. Perhaps he was not given time to find his earth, or perhaps he still felt strong and fit, at any rate he passed it by and went out the other side of the covert to describe another big circle. The third time he returned he was too hard pressed to try any tricks. Straight through the woods and into his hole he went with all the speed and suddenness he had shown when he left the Rattlesnake Bridge covert an hour and twenty minutes earlier. Huntsman George Connor blew the "gone to ground" with a great flourish, and everyone near enough to see or hear the ritual were well satisfied that their quarry had escaped.

The day was cloudy and mild and

Continued on Page Three

## FRANKSTOWN HUNT

Altoona, Pennsylvania.  
Established 1933.  
Recognized 1938.



Saturday, November 7

8:00 A. M.

8 couples of English, American and Cross-bred. 17 in the field.

The hounds met at the old sign-board at Cross Keys, and the Master cast them in the meadows of the Walter Dzielski farm. They hunted around through this meadow and found a line directly west of here in the Brumbaugh property.

The hounds worked well in the dampness and fog. It was so foggy that at times it was almost impossible to see the rider in front of you and hunting had to be, much of the time, by ear, as it was impossible to see the hounds any great distance away.

They hunted through the Brumbaugh, O'Rourke, and Rhine properties, and checked in the Foot of Ten. At this point the Master carried them over the William Penn Highway and they were cast back of the Wilt farm. The hounds were following a hot scent and doing very well in spite of the fog and damp conditions. In the hilltops, above the Mellott farm in Chimney Rocks, the hounds came upon three deer and gave the hunt, staff, and field, their fond farewells as they started directly south to Bedford. Due to the weather conditions and extreme fog, it was impossible to follow them. The Master and staff proceeded and the field returned to the kennels.

This is the first time that the Frankstown pack has ever made a break on deer, as our country is full of them, and in the past we have been able to whip them off the line; however, a combination of fog and hot scent made this impossible. This has happened, as we all know, on many occasions to hunts in the past. We just have to admit that these Frankstown hounds of ours could easily be trained into stag hounds.

Saturday, November 21

9:30 A. M.

8½ couples of English, American and Cross-bred. 16 in the field.

"The Ideal Hunting Day"

We hunted today under perfect conditions—temperature 36. The ground was spongy but not too soft; scenting conditions excellent; blue sky and white clouds overhead; no sunshine.

The Master must have been inspired today when he selected our farthest and one of our best countries.

The hounds met in the fields above the Sam Hartsock farm and the Master cast them there but without success. He then took them over to the barrens back of the Forsht farm which proved to be true to the name "barren". From there, hounds were taken to the Moore farm and in a deep wooded gully they found a cold line. They hunted carefully down the gully to the Mellott farm, which gave the field an opportunity to take a couple of big ditches.

The Master picked the hounds up at Mellott's and took them across to the Catfish road and cast them in the hills back of the Chimney Rocks.

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"FOLLOW THE BELVEDERE HOUNDS" to

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## Frankstown Hunt

Continued from Page Two

The hounds quickly found and ran well in a pack with a strong scent and great speed. They hunted the upper end of the Loop country and checked back of the Frankstown quarries.

They were again cast and quickly found, and hunted from there to the Gromiller cottage where the Master picked them up and a fine luncheon was served.

They hunted the lower end of the Loop and back through Frankstown, our Scotch Valley section, and part of the home country, returning at 4:30.

Special mention should be made at this time of the new joint master of the Frankstown, Mr. Fred A. Stormer, who has the last few weeks been assisting the Master in arranging the hunts, seeing the farmers, and paneling the country.

Mr. Stormer has been doing a splendid job, and all the members of the Frankstown join with me in the hope that this great team of 'Vipond and Stormer' may be able to carry on until long after the duration.

### Thanksgiving Day, November 26

8½ couples of English-American and Cross-bred. 29 in the field.

9:30 A. M.

The Thanksgiving hunt was a great success today in spite of the heavy fog which made it almost impossible to view hounds at any time.

The field was large and enthusiastic, and the most interesting group was seven girls from the Pulpit Rock Hunt headed by Miss Ruthalia Keim. These ardent young women hacked twenty-three miles to the Hunt Club on Wednesday, kept their horses with us and joined the Thanksgiving hunt, and leaving them here to hunt again on Saturday and then they will hack back to their school. They were all splendid riders and kept right up with the first flight.

Hunting was good today and particularly interesting, as Captain Frank Hunter and our new joint master, Mr. Stormer, had erected a number of panels in our home country. Both sides of the valley were thoroughly hunted and the kill was in the pasture field of the Cassidy farm.

The hounds were out about two hours and a half.

### Saturday, November 28

9 couples of English-American and Cross-bred. 19 in the field.

The hounds met at Figart's at 10 A. M. and all the old hunting men, those wise guys who know all about scent, figured that it would be a bad day as the snow was flying in little hard flakes and the wind was blowing, but it proved to be quite the opposite. The scenting was excellent and hounds ran well. We were all particularly glad because we had seven young ladies from the Grier School with us, and the Master's son Paul Vipond, Jr., recently back from camp.

The hounds found at Figart's and hunted the Cross Keys country, then turned west to the Foot of Ten, after which they hunted the Catfish bridge section and checked near the country home of Mr. and Mrs. Blair Guyer. A year ago, Mr. and Mrs. Guyer bought this famous old Tussey farm which lays in a little valley of its own at the edge of Hollidaysburg and at the foot of the Chimney Rocks. The old home, which is over a hundred years old, has been modernized and they really have a beautiful estate. They gave a delightful lunch and tea to the hunting members and their families.

It was really a gala day.—G. P. G.

## ORANGE COUNTY HUNT CLUB

The Plains,  
Virginia.  
Established 1903.  
Recognized 1903.



During the cubbing season the Orange County Hounds went out 25 days and had some really good mornings, especially the latter part of October. Weather conditions have been unusually favorable this year and so far, foxes have been fairly easy to find in all sections of the country.

Sport through November has been consistently good and on Saturday, the 28th, an extra good day was had from the Byrneley meet. The first fox gave a hunt of an hour before being marked to ground, hounds working extra well during the early stages and ending up with a fast burst across Filly property. Then came a hunt of about 35 minutes circling around in and out of the woods on phipps, Miss Smiths and Whitewood farms, but the fox was some distance ahead of hounds and they finally lost in woods opposite the John Clark farm. From here hounds were taken to the old Neill woods to find at once, getting away close to their fox for a fast hunt of 45 minutes over a fine line of country, but when hounds made a loss in the unridable, boggy land between Mrs. Stewart's Bluebird and the Turner farms headed for the mountain, they were whipped off as horses and all had had enough.

## Fall Meetings and 'Chasing Stakes'

### NOVEMBER

26-March 9, 1943. Fair Grounds Breeders' & Racing Assn., New Orleans, La. 75 days. (No racing on Mondays—March 8th excepted)  
PONTCHARTRAIN HANDICAP, 6 f., 2-yr.-olds, Sat., Dec. 12 \$2,000 Added  
CHRISTMAS HANDICAP, 1½ ml., all ages, Fri., Dec. 25 \$2,500 Added  
CRESCENT CITY HANDICAP, 1 1-16 ml., 3 & up, Sat., Jan. 2 \$2,500 Added  
THE AUDUBON STAKES, 6 f., 3-yr.-olds, Sat., Jan. 16 \$2,000 Added  
GULF COAST HANDICAP, 1 1-16 ml., 3 & up, Sat., Jan. 30 \$2,500 Added  
THE CHALMETTE STAKES, 1 ml. & 70 yds., 3-yr.-olds, Sat., Feb. 13 \$2,500 Added  
NEW ORLEANS HANDICAP, 1 1-16 ml., 3 & up, Sat., Feb. 27 \$10,000 Added  
LOUISIANA DERBY, 1½ ml., 3-yr.-olds, Sat., March 6 \$7,500 Added  
MARDI GRAS HANDICAP, 6 f., 3 & up, Tues., March 9 \$2,000 Added

### JANUARY

13-Mar. 8, Hialeah Park, (46 days.)  
HIALEAH PARK INAUGURAL, 6 f., 3 & up, Jan. 13 \$5,000 Added  
HIALEAH STAKES, 6 f., 3 & up, Jan. 16 \$5,000 Added  
PALM BEACH 'CAP, 7 f., 3 & up, Jan. 23 \$5,000 Added  
MIAMI BEACH 'CAP, 1 1-16 ml., 3 & up, Jan. 30 \$5,000 Added  
BAHAMAS HANDICAP, 7 f., 3-yr.-olds, Feb. 6 \$5,000 Added  
EVENING HANDICAP, 1½ ml., 3 & up, Fri., Feb. 20 \$7,500 Added  
McLENNAN-MEMORIAL 'CAP, 1½ ml., 3 & up, Feb. 27 \$15,000 Added  
FLAMINGO STAKES, 1½ ml., 3-yr.-olds, Feb. 27 \$15,000 Added  
BLACK HELEN 'CAP, 7 f., 3 & up, fillies & mares, March 1 \$5,000 Added  
lies & mares, Feb. 13 \$5,000 Added  
HIALEAH JUVENILE STAKES, 3 f., 2-yr.-olds, March 6 \$5,000 Added

## Racing

### NOVEMBER

26-March 9, 1943. Fair Grounds Breeders' & Racing Assn., New Orleans, La. 75 days. (No racing on Mondays—March 8th excepted)

### DECEMBER

1-19—Charles Town Victory Meeting, Charles Town, W. Va. (17 days).

## Horse Shows

### DECEMBER

11-12—Brooklyn, N. Y.

## Essex Hounds

Continued from Page Two

the pace and going so stiff that everyone agreed to call it a day—for the sake of their horses if not for their own. Besides, the consensus of opinion was that anything that might possibly follow such a run could not help but be an anticlimax.

The field, of course, was not as large as holiday meets of other years nor as formally turned out, but the day proved it to be every bit as well mounted as it had ever been. Ben Johnson had the distinction of being the only one to stay with the huntsman through the first part of the run, though he was closely followed by Mrs. W. W. Trimpi, P. C. Keith, Miss Carol Horton, Miss Ann Maxwell, E. T. H. Talmadge, Jr., Mrs. David H. McAlpin Pyle, Mrs. K. B. Schley, Miss Maude Banks, Mrs. Lester Perrin, Frank Johnson, Collister Johnson, DeCoursey Faies and Miss Peggy Wemple. Among others who were in at the end were Mrs. Augustus S. Knight, Mrs. Seward Johnson, George Brice, Miss Ann Gambrill, Miss Diana Gambrill, Charles McHose, Miss Elizabeth Harwicke, Miss Emily Stevens, and Miss Henriette Schenk. Mr. Gambrill failed to finish the run only because he had given his horse to Joe Lyman, his head groom who was acting as whip and whose mount had lost a shoe.

A hunt breakfast at Mr. and Mrs. Schley's was the perfect ending for a thrilling hunting day.

Saturday after Thanksgiving hounds met at the Suydam Cuttings' Hamilton Farm at 11 o'clock. It was rather a disappointing day after Thursday's excitement, for a high cold wind made scenting difficult and catchy. A fox was found very soon in the Hamilton Farm woods and ran in slow circles from covert to covert with hounds working hard and staying on him for half an hour before he was lost. A long cast put up another fox in the lowlands on the Zulke farm. More sporting than

the first, he took a straight line across the valley and went to ground on the old Frost place near Pottersville. The wind was rising steadily and since it was clear that conditions would get worse instead of better, hounds were taken home after a few blank draws.

Elizabeth Hardwicke.

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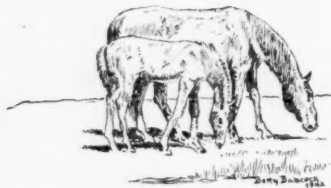
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### BRANCHES

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# Horsemen's News-



## A Task Force Needed

To combat the influx, or rather continued breeding, of inferior Thoroughbreds, a task force must be consolidated into action. This must be set up by the American Thoroughbred Breeders Association, as the "branch" of the combined army of Associations presumably chiefly concerned with the wellbeing of the breed.

This Association could gather around it, working in complete harmony other "branches", so that the combined unit could adequately face the task and accomplish the mission. It is no easy job, there is much ground work to be done and much tact will have to be applied, but it must be done for the good of the breed.

It is easy to see that this realization of the existing sorry situation is taking form in the expression of men who study what is happening. Men such as Salvador, who could do much to help direct the coordinated effort, if his services could be enlisted, expresses himself in no uncertain terms in his column of this paper. Del Holeman uses us to state just what he thinks, others have done and are doing so.

The Remount, knowing there is need to clean house is acting, it is in an admirable position to do so, its influence can be wide spread. The Quartermaster Generals under whose jurisdiction the Remount operates, have not been horsemen, but just soldiers looking for efficient officership, where executive ability has taken the place of horse sense and knowledge. They have not been understanding of what the Remount needed in officer personnel. The result has been the appointment of a line of Chiefs of Remount who have been executives, horsemen by reason of eloquence alone. This it is to be hoped has been remedied for the nonce at least. The army as a rule allows an officer just long enough to start a task, never leaving him long enough to accomplish his mission.

The Quartermaster General's office probably is not aware of the fact, but it has become a focal point for ridicule among the men of understanding in the Thoroughbred world, by reason of this sorry representation. If the present Chief of Remount is really invested with authority to rid the service of the tremendous number of sad stallions it now owns and who are serving mares in the name of the U. S. A., here is hoping he will go about it in a more understanding way than have his predecessors in their so-called purges.

### Back To The War

Joseph L. Cohn has given up his office in New York from where he sent news releases on most of the major tracks. Mr. Cohn was a veteran of World War I and is anticipating taking an active part in war activity if he is not recommissioned.

## MONTPELIER STALLION TO BREEDING BUREAU

Mrs. Marion du Pont Scott has donated the stallion Imp. Tourist II to the Breeding Bureau of the Breeding Bureau of the Jockey Club. He will be shipped to the Lookover Stallion Station within the week. There is no doubt that he will be a great asset to the Genesee Valley. A bay horse, 1925, he is by Son-in-Law out of the Swynford mare, Touraine.

## Steeplechasing Report

Continued from page One

well as being the largest winner in terms of "money earned" by his charges. Jack Skinner followed him in the purse listing, while Morris Dixon and Jack Skinner were tied in the number of winners saddled.

For the riders, E. Roberts is on top of the list, with Mr. J. Bosley 3rd next, who however has 4 flat races to count in this total, J. Magee, J. Penrod and G. Walker each having more jumping events to their credit.

During the season 371 horses started at the various meetings, of which 246 shared in the purses and plate.

A total of 235 owners participated, of whom 144 shared in the winnings.

At the 8 spring Hunt Meetings there were 17 feature events, while in the Autumn, at 3 meetings there were only 4. This reduction was due to transportation curtailment.

Total amount of money distributed for steeplechasing at the major and half mile tracks.

	1942
Belmont Park	\$95,625
Aqueduct	64,120
Delaware Park	42,790
Saratoga	42,075
Pimlico	36,570
Laurel	25,645
Victory Week (Belmont Park)	7,775
Bel Air	5,300
Timonium	3,000
Cumberland	

Total \$322,900  
Total amount of money distributed for steeplechase and flat racing at the Hunt Meetings.

United Hunts	\$13,645
Carolina Cup	4,200
Rose Tree	4,150
Sandhills	3,600
Montpelier	3,305
Aiken	2,800
Radnor	2,500
Middleburg	2,400
Whitemarsh	875
Bloomfield-Grosse Pointe-Metamora	
Virginia Gold Cup	300
My Lady's Manor	(plate)
Maryland Grand National	(plate)
Maryland Hunt Cup	(plate)

Total \$37,775	
Money Winning Stables	
Races Won	Amt. Won
Clark, Mrs. F. Ambrose	16 \$31,390
Miller, Kent	7 28,805
Bostwick, G. H.	7 28,435
Rokeby Stables	17 26,605
Montpelier	15 20,725
Weir, Mrs. E. duPont	9 16,385
Widener, Miss Ella	5 12,840
Phipps, Mrs. Ogden	3 10,835
Sharp, Bayard	5 9,990
Mellon, Richard K.	7 9,400
Bosley, Jr., John	9 9,315
Talbot, H. E.	3 8,820
Clark, F. Ambrose	7 7,950
Bieber, I.	6 7,255
Crawford, Mrs. R. H.	5 7,050

Kline, C. Mahlon	4	5,785
Bostwick, A. C.	6	5,425
Gould, Mrs. Frank M.	4	5,110
Skinner, Mrs. J. T.	4	4,940
Balding, Mrs. J. B.	2	4,425
Gambrill, R. V. N.	2	4,110
Parker, Brooks	3	3,930
Brookmeade Stable	2	3,885
Casilear, George	3	3,665
Jacobs, Mrs. E. D.	3	3,550
Miller, Mrs. J. P.	3	3,470
Mills, Mrs. J. P.	2	3,210
Mare's Nest Stud	2	3,050
Garrett, Mrs. G. A.	2	3,000
Bostwick, Mrs. G. H.	4	2,930
Clark, Mrs. J. C.	1	2,795
Greentree Stable	2	2,800
Black, Mrs. Van Lear	1	2,450
Black, Mrs. H. A.	2	2,385
Cleland, W. D.	3	2,360
La Montagne, Harry	1	2,100
Cielo Siete Stable	2	2,080
Lehman, Robert	1	2,075
Yellott, Kinlock	1	2,030
Mayer, L. B.	1	2,025
Log Cabin Stud	1	1,975
Stoddard, Mrs. L. E. Jr.	1	1,935
Sprague, W. S.	2	1,930
Tuttle, C. E.	5	1,850
Pierce, C. D.	1	1,775
Fishback, A. A.	1	1,755
Small, Mrs. D. N.	2	1,625
Cleland, Muriel	1	1,575
Schley, E. B.	1	1,480
Balding, J. B.	1	1,325
White, Mrs. Arthur	1	1,325
Post, William	1	1,200
Clark, Jr., S. C.	1	1,175
Grabosky, Jack	1	1,100
Untermyer, Alvin	1	1,075
Christmas, B. F.	1	1,000
Brown, J. W.	1	950
Groton Stable	1	900
Wickes, Walter	1	900
McDevitt, R. E.	1	850
Franklin, Mrs. J. M.	1	800
Dixon, M. H.	4	752
Ziegler, Jr., Wm.	1	745
Beavers, I.	1	675
Tobin, Mrs. Alice	1	625
Livingston, Mrs. L. A.	1	600
Leiper, Jr. J. G.	2	525
Clothier, Wm. J.	2	500
Owen, Mrs. E. R.	1	425
Byers, J. F.	1	410
Carhart, Mrs. A. S.	2	390
Greer, Jr., C. M.	1	350
Briar Hill Stable	1	325
Meigs, Arthur I.	2	320
Cocks, W. Burling	1	285
Emanuel, Victor	1	250
Whitney, Gwladys	2	250
O'Donovan, H. J.	1	245
McKelvey, Thomas	1	225
McVitty, Miss E.	1	225
Wing, Miss Margaret	1	225
Baldwin, A. A.	1	220
Dorsaneo, N. C.	1	218
Straus, H. L.	2	215
Strawbridge, John	1	195
Metcalf, Jr., M. B.	1	175
Bromley, Mrs. W.	3	152
Fishback, D. F.	1	150

Keyes, Boyd	150
Iselin, Mrs. J. P.	150
Murphy, T. E.	150
Perlestein, I.	150
Boyce, Gittings	147
Piedmont Hunt	140
Ryan, Mrs. J. E.	110
Fitzgerald, M. I.	100
Obre, Mrs. H. G.	100
Ray, Mrs. Nat.	100

Continued on Page Seventeen

## MONTPELIER SIRE Season 1943

STAKES WINNING STEEPLECHASE SIRE WINNERS ON THE FLAT

### ANNAPOLIS

Br. 1926

Man o'War—Panoply by Peter Pan

Private Contract

### BATTLESHIP

Ch. 1927

Man o'War—\*Quarantine by Sea Sick

Fee \$300—Return

### IMP. BUCHEUR

Ch. 1936

Nouvel-An—Bush Bird

Fee \$300—Return

APPLY

William J. Lucas

MONTPELIER FARM

MONTPELIER STATION, VA.

Tel: Orange, Va. 3161

## Tropical Park WINTER MEETING

20 Days of Racing

December 21st to January 12th

6 Handicaps . . . . . Minimum \$2,000

Purse Minimum . . . . . \$800

LIBERAL OVERNIGHT FEATURE PURSES

EIGHT RACES DAILY

Spring Meeting—30 days—March 8th to April 12th

For Information Address

GABLES RACING ASSOCIATION, INC. CORAL GABLES, FLA.



# Thoroughbreds

Continued from Page One

being sold for as little as about \$20 each."

The American turfman and breeder would do well to put this piece of news in his pipe and smoke it.

Recall that England has now for about three years been engaged in an all-out war-effort upon whose outcome hinges either success or her destruction as a world-power.

That she has been ravaged from end to end and coast to coast by Nazi bombing fleets, as a result of which here are a few of the losses:

Over 110,000 persons, mostly non-combatants, killed.

Hundreds of thousands badly wounded, maimed and crippled.

Billions of dollars worth of property destroyed.

Many of her most priceless historic civic and architectural buildings and monuments blown to atoms. Together with horrors piled upon horrors, privations upon privations, and sufferings upon sufferings, the lot of the nation as a whole.

Her plight being such that this country has been obliged to rush to her aid with every resource at its command.

Recall all these things—and then contrast the figures cited above with the similar ones which have been recorded in this country during the past few months.

At the Saratoga sales—the leading ones of the season—in August 485 animals were sold for a total of but \$482,025.

This was an average of but \$994. As against \$1,747 the year before, with total receipts then of something over \$1,000,000.

While in previous years the average had gone as high as \$3,597, with total receipts of almost \$2,000,000.

The Saratoga auctions offer yearlings almost exclusively. Aside from them the leading one of each season is the great fall sale held at Lexington, Ky., by the Fasig-Tipton Co., at which animals of all classes are offered.

This event for 1942 was held about 6 weeks ago. It lasted 9 days.

During its course some 635 animals were put up for the high dollar.

They brought a total amount of just over \$191,715, with an average of \$302 each.

The previous season of 1941 the figures had been:

Animals sold, 643; amount realized, \$348,400; average per head: \$542.

Taking the two venues together, the price decline from 1941 in this country was 43 per cent at Saratoga and 41 at Lexington; a grand average of 42 per cent.

Let us set these figures beside those just in from England:

	Horses	Amount
Newmarket	350	\$500,000
Lexington	635	191,715

At Newmarket, as aforesaid, a single animal, an untried brood mare 6 years of age, brought \$68,000, or about one third as much as the entire 635 sold at Lexington.

At the latter place the high dollar was \$4,500 for a 4-year-old filly, bought, ostensibly to race; the highest price paid for a brood mare was \$1,800.

How explain these comparative figures and the immense disparity which they reveal between values in England and here at home?

When, it is again emphasized,

# Monmouth County

Continued from Page One

F. H., Amory L. Haskell, observed, so many men had either gone into the army or defense work, they had no one left who could break out of a slow walk, with the exception of Smith, our huntsman, and Lee, the whipper-in, who are married and have children.

Our hunting country is very large, most of the fixtures being eight miles away from the kennels with vanning out of the question, hounds have to be fit to take both the long road and the hunting. With the cooperation of our farmers, who have been kind enough to offer to put up horses and hounds overnight, perhaps we will be able to hunt even the country that is farthest away. I think this action, on their part, is particularly indicative of the true sporting spirit of American landowners, whom most people feel are against hunting. We had to cancel our race meet to entertain them at a luncheon, and also have had to put aside other small "bribes" which were supposed to insure their good humor. Apparently, this was not needed, or perhaps past good relations are telling now.

Undaunted by all these difficulties, Mr. Haskell conducted the opening meet at the kennels on Columbus Day, as usual. All the first few meets were held there, or nearby. I was told that hare and fox

England is today in effect living on America's bounty and if our support were withdrawn from that country she would soon collapse?

It would require a lengthy exposition and diagnosis to clear the matter up—especially in view of the fact that racing in England in 1942 was but a pathetic ghost of what it normally used to be—while here in America it was the most successful season—financially—ever known.

When the returns are all in they will almost stagger the credulity of the "innocent bystander"—with a leading feature the fact that the New York meetings alone paid the state over \$10,000,000—ten millions of dollars—in taxation revenue!

And that after such (or similar) taxes were paid, the profits to the whole body of racing associations, the country over, were simply tremendous.

Yet Thoroughbred values have shrunk to the beggarly figures cited above; which, especially in comparison with those that prevail in England, are simply pitiable.

Again—how explain it all?

Well, in the most concise terms, it might be intimated that racing in this country, as described in this department of The Chronicle very recently, from a sport has evolved into a "business man's" profit-taking proposition, in which the profit-takers play, with few exceptions, no roles whatever in the support of Thoroughbred values except as they benefit personally—and directly—therefrom.

Which of the profit takers came forward at Saratoga and Lexington to sustain the falling market?

Which of them has done anything worth while to strengthen the breeding interest—upon which, in the last analysis, all their profit-taking depends?

When these questions have been answered, considerable light will be thrown upon the possibility—the credibility—of such sets of figures as those cited above.

were plentiful, but that the ground was as dry as powder. Hounds could not own the line, since scenting conditions were unfavorable.

I arrived home late in October, and it rained! Tuesday, October 27, I took a long hack and jumped a few fences in order to get back into the feel of the saddle. It was wonderful! Wednesday's meet was at Sunnyside Farm in Everett at 9:30. I don't think I have ever been so excited as I was at that ever-thrilling moment when we moved off to the first draw. Everett held nothing, but we saw a couple of hare in Holmdel as we continued to Phalanx. Here we got up a leveret on the Conover Farm. Hounds pressed her pretty close and would have killed if she hadn't gone to ground. In the past year, it has amazed us all to see the amount of hare that go to ground. Apparently, no one ever noticed it before.

After that we started towards home and got up a big jack on the Hunt farm that gave us a nice, though short run over a fair line of country. But we lost her in the Riorden woods. We found two more hare on John T. Cross' farm, and they also gave us nice bursts, though scenting was very catchy. By that time I had been in the saddle five hours and was so tired and stiff I could hardly sit up. I decided to start for home, and the redoubtable Bill Foales said,

"If you pull out, I'll never hunt again."

That was a rather extravagant statement, since Bill is part of the backbone of the hunt—always the first flight and the one to give us all leads and nurse-maiding in general. Despite this threat, I could go

no farther, and amidst such kidding as, "I never thought I'd see the day when you pulled out", and so forth, I dismounted and started to drag my weary bones and all too fresh horse towards home.

I practically spent the next day in bed—my bones had never been so stiff, bruised and painful—and I felt as though I'd been through a torture chamber with all the embellishments. But Saturday, October 31, found me in the saddle again.

The dog hounds met in Holmdel with a large field. Margaret Haskell represented the Master's family, Sylvia Beadleston, feeling as agonized as I from Wednesday's hunt, came along, and there was the Hon. "Whipper-in" Bourne Ruthrauff on his good Sprig; Jimmy Reynolds, another of the field's nursemaids, both first flight and oldest members of the field. Lizzy Knapp was on one of W. W. Vaughan's ex-race horses while her brilliant little horse was being diagnosed, and Bill Foales rode the one and only Colonel. With him was Raymond Reiss, who is on his second season

Continued on Page Seventeen

# Foals



Amusing, decorative figures in English Beswick China. 3 1/2" tall \$2; 5", \$3.50. From our Gift Shop.

Wm. Wise & Son

487 Fulton St., Brooklyn  
Establish in 1834

# MILKMAN

(Property of Mrs. W. Plunket Stewart)

Will make the season of 1943 at

THE PLAINS, VIRGINIA

Broomstick	Ben Brush	Bramble Roseville
Cudgel	Elf	Gillard Sylvabelle
Eugenia Burch	Ben Strome	Bend Or Strathfleet
	The Humber	Break Knife Keep Sake
Peep o'Day	Ayrshire	Hampton Atlanta
Milkmaid	Sundown	Springfield Sunshine
Neil Olla	Wagner	Prince Charlie Duchess of Maif
	Black Sleeves	Sir Dixon Lake Breeze

Milkmaid was a stake winner at 2, 3, and 4 and lowered track record at Saratoga Springs for 7 furlongs and 1 1-16 miles.

From 7 crops, Milkman has sired many winners, including Pasteurized, winner at 2, 3 and 4 and \$47,220 including Belmont and East Vies Stakes 3rd in Christiana and Flamingo Stakes; Early Delivery, winner of Hialeah Park Inaugural and Belgrade Claiming Handicap, 3rd in Paumonok, Narragansett Spring Handicap; Buttermilk, winner Netherlands Plaza Handicap, 3rd in DeLaSalle Handicap; Early Morn, winner of 19 races, placing 6 times, including Susquehanna Handicap and the winners Milk, Bonny Clabber, Suiter, Milk Punch, Cottage Cheese, Separator, Rich Cream, Milk Dipper, Milray, Needmore, Cooling Spring and Cream Cheese.

Milkman had 6 two-year-old winners in 1940: Daily Delivery, Gay Man, Lactose, Milk And Honey, Quizzle and also Milk Bar who placed several times.

Only 5 two-year olds were raced in 1941, 3 of which were winners: Clip Clop, Milky Moon and Milk Route.

The 1st yearlings ever sold by Milkman averaged \$3,086 for 7 colts at Saratoga in 1940.

The 2nd crop of yearlings, 3 colts and 4 fillies, averaged \$2,043 at Saratoga in 1941 on a night of such poor sales that a leading breeder withdrew his yearlings the same evening.

To November 1, 1942, 7 two-year-olds have been winners: Dairy Lady, Milk Chocolate, Bottom Rail, Parachutist, Five A. M., Colleen and Cream. TO DATE THIS YEAR, HE HAS Sired 22 WINNERS OF 50 RACES.

These records will be kept up-to-date during the months that MILKMAN is advertised in The Chronicle.

Mares must have satisfactory veterinary certificates

Fee \$300  
Return

To offset shipping costs, the stud fee has been reduced this year by \$350.

Fee \$300  
Return

ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO

MRS. W. PLUNKET STEWART  
Commercial Trust Bldg.,  
Philadelphia, Pa.

ALBERT BURROWS  
Rolling Plains Farm,  
The Plains, Va.

# Beagles

BY SHEILA McCRURY



## A Letter To Ted Ward From Phil Crowe

Dear Ted:

Here are a few hunting notes that may help to fill the old colum. You are doing a great job and deserve all the help we can give you. Even six weeks late, as my Chronicles mostly are, they are the most welcome possible and I for one read them even prior to Fortune.

Swaine and Adney, immemorial makers of hunting horns, informed me that the Commandos have bought up their entire stock and even taken over the shop that used to make horns. It seems that the same sweet sound that calls a hound home from miles away is equally effective for signalling in battle.

Morgie Wing and I bumped into each other in the Berkeley in London and had a drink to beagling. He told me that while up in the New Forest country he talked with some beaglers who remembered the fabulous American girl, Zoric. (Ward).

Captain John Pawle has been most helpful in rounding up information about beagling and arranging for hunts for U. S. officers in this country. He has given up his own pack for the war but still manages to go out with others. He sends his best to Dick Gambrill and all American Beaglers.

The current issue of Horse and Hound, the British Chronicle, announces that the Old Berkeley Beagles and the Worcester Park and Buckland will carry on this Fall. Both are situated near London and should be ideal commuting hunts for forces stationed in this vicinity. The West Surrey and Horsell may also continue.

The Trinity Foot Beagles, sad to relate, were given to an infantry regiment early in the war, and have since been lost track of. The former secretary wrote me that they are thinking of advertising in the Army gazette for their whereabouts.

Last but not least, you are quite wrong about the Isle of Man. While there I talked to an old farmer whose sole passion in life seems to be pursuing manx cats with a brace of beagles. Of course he can't mount a brush, but the masks are said to be top hole.

While studying ship recognition I came on the interesting discovery that there is a whole class of destroyers of His Majesty's navy named after famous hunts. The Quorn, Pytchley etc, known as Hunt class destroyers. There is even a very small destroyer called the Beagle.

—Phil Crowe.

## Lewisboro

Sunday, Dec. 13th, 11:00 o'clock at Rock Ridge Farm, Brewster.

Wednesday, Dec. 16th, 3:30 o'clock at Wildoaks Farm, Goldens Bridge.

Sunday, Dec. 20th, 11:00 o'clock at Tartarin Farm, North Salem.

Wednesday, Dec. 23rd, 3:30 o'clock at Woodhill Farm, Goldens Bridge.

Sunday, Dec. 27th, 11:00 o'clock at Wildoaks Farm.

Wednesday, Dec. 30th, 3:30 o'clock at Wildoaks Farm.

If in doubt concerning weather, call Katoah 188. Marjorie D. Bondy, M. B.

## Treweryn Beagles

On Sunday, November 29th, a light but steady rain fell over the late autumn countryside when Treweryn hounds met their 3 o'clock fixture at the Radnor Hunt Club. Some fifteen hardy beaglers were ready and willing to brave the wetness for a bit of sport in pursuit of the elusive hare, so at the appointed hour, Huntsman Bob Harrison, moved off through the rain with the 11 1-2 couple Treweryn pack to draw across the open country of the Evans' farm. The most likely fields proved blank this wet afternoon, and it wasn't until shortly after 4 o'clock that a member of the field viewed a long-eared jack away across the Chuckswood pasture. Hounds struck the line with good cry, but the soaking rain which fell ever harder, seemed to be washing away the fresh trail of the hunted hare, and scenting proved extremely spotty. After a run of fifteen minutes during which hounds showed their keen noses to advantage as they worked the twisting course of their quarry at good pace across the open grass land, the line of this crafty jack led into some heavy undergrowth. Here after a short check a cottontail led the pack away on a merry chase. The rain steadily continued to fall and must have washed away every trace of scent

for, although hounds worked eagerly and hardy, they were never able to pick up the line this hare again.

Soaked to the skin but happy at the thought that a little sport had been enjoyed in spite of such adverse weather conditions, hunt staff and a few die-hard followers wasted but little time getting back to the Radnor Hunt Club where a pack of very wet beagles needed no encouragement what-so-ever when the door of the waiting hound truck swung open. Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Morgan had kindly invited the field to tea at the Club and many Treweryn followers, who had chosen to sit before the open fire and talk of the sport enjoyed by all on previous Sundays, were there to greet the few drenched beaglers who had braved the storm. Perhaps those who had remained indoors were the wiser, for Sunday, November 29th, was certainly not a hunting day. R. P. W. H.

Hounds will meet: December—1942.

Dec. 13, Mr. Stockton White's Bryn Clovis Farm 3:00 p. m.

Dec. 20, White Horse 3:00 p. m., Mr. and Mrs. Cameron MacLeod invite the field to tea at The Leopard.

Dec. 27, Mr. Upton Sullivan's Gate 3:00 p. m.

## Vernon-Somerset

The Vernon Somerset Beagles went out on Sunday, November 29, but it was cold and wet, and hounds drew blank for two and a half hours without even a sign of a hare. It was very disappointing, but as Mr. Gambrill said, we have to take the "bitter with the sweet."

## LOUDOUN HUNT CLUB

Leesburg, Virginia.  
Established 1928.  
Recognized 1929.

The Loudoun Hunt is operating informally on a war-time basis, going out Saturdays, holidays, and occasional bye-days. Our pack has been reduced to nine couples, mostly young hounds, and is hunted by Mr. John Kincaid, Joint Master, assisted by the honorary whips. We have no paid hunt servants. Gasoline consumption has been cut to a minimum by roading hounds to all meets, and hacking horses. This has turned out to be a pleasure rather than a hardship, as we have found that the roads are comparatively free from automobile travel, and the reduced speed of the few cars out adds to our comfort along the highway.

Our best run so far this season was on the opening day. We met at the kennels, drew along the west bank of Goose Creek, and soon had a red fox going who carried us all the way to the Potomac River. He was viewed as he crossed a high open field, and again as he circled and started back up the creek.

Our fields have been small, many of our members being in military service: John Alexander, Army of the United States, Sam Alexander, Ensign, U. S. Navy, Sterling Harrison, Lieutenant, Marine Corps, Charles Castleman, Army of the United States, Fred Malone, Lieutenant, U. S. Navy, and Matt Pulliam, Pharmacist's Mate, U. S. Navy.

## BROOKMEADE FARM STALLIONS

(Property of Mrs. Isabel Dodge Sloane)

### 1943 Season

#### OKAPI

Brown, 1930

Eternal	Sweep	Ben Brush
		Pink Domino
Hazel Burke		Sempronius
		Retained II
Okibbena	Rock Sand	Sanfoin
		Roquebrune
	Octoroon	Hastings
		Ortega

Fee \$250

To Guarantee a Live Foal

#### PSYCHIC BID

Chestnut, 1932

Chance Play	Fair Play	Hastings
		Fairy Gold
	Quelle Chance	Ethelbert
		Qu'Elle est Belle II
Queen Herod	Tetratema	The Tetrarch
		Scotch Gift
	Reine de Neige	Roi Herode
		Snowflight

Fee \$250

To Guarantee a Live Foal

BROOKMEADE FARM HAS EXCELLENT FACILITIES FOR VISITING MARES

Standing At

## BROOKMEADE FARM

UPPERVILLE

VIRGINIA

## CHARLES TOWN RACING

### NOW OPEN

Racing will continue through December 19th

PARI-MUTUELS

POST TIME 1:30 P. M. (EWT)

Save Tires and Gas—Give Your Friend A Lift

Fall Meeting Of The

Charles Town Jockey Club, Inc.

CHARLES TOWN, W. VA.



## TRAINER TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING OF ENGLAND

Oct 29/42  
 FREEMASON LODGE,  
 NEWMARKET.  
 Dear Harry Worcester Smith  
 I was delighted  
 to hear from you  
 when was good? &  
 to remember me  
 after all these years  
 I am indeed highly  
 honoured & the  
 selected by His Majesty  
 to train his horses  
 who we have  
 such. He has 3  
 very promising

gradings of Fair way  
 & Hyperion  
 that have good  
 prospects.  
 I shall see Atty  
 Louman, & give him  
 your letter & he  
 will be delighted to  
 get your message  
 his wife is a  
 grand woman.  
 He is in his usual  
 fine spirits & is  
 most company

FREEMASON LODGE,  
 NEWMARKET.  
 in spite of being  
 rather rheumatic  
 give me both & my  
 has a cure each  
 month.  
 I was at Mr. Dole's  
 last week also to  
 attend my poor  
 old Mother's funeral  
 she was 87 & quite  
 wonderful till the  
 end & we said her  
 to rest

beside dear old  
 Arthur in the little  
 church in Castletown  
 all the best to you &  
 hope we may meet  
 someday again & I  
 sincerely long to  
 pay another visit  
 to your grand  
 country. I have only  
 16 horses we just  
 to keep what we take  
 are the best for the

FREEMASON LODGE,  
 NEWMARKET.  
 Future of Bloodstock  
 & preserve our  
 best blood. We  
 race in 3 centres to  
 save all transport  
 as we are very tightly  
 restricted in all  
 commodities from petrol  
 etc.  
 Yrs. V. L. L. L.  
 Cecil Boyd-Rochford

The above is a photograph of a letter written by Major Cecil Boyd-Rochford to Harry Worcester Smith, Esq. It has an added interest at this time, as the stable of the King has been <sup>more</sup> successful during 1942, than has the Royal Stable for many years. The Chronicle wishes it continued success.

## A GRAND TYPE



OKAPI who stands at Upperville, in the hunting country of Virginia is a big brown horse, 1930 by ETERNAL out of OKTIBENNA. His first crop of colts at 2 years of age won 28 races and one dead heat. This year's have won 20. He had 6 winners out of 16 foals.

The Chronicle is pleased to present him for his disposition leaves nothing to ask for. His exercise consists of hacking 'round Brookmeade with a snaffle in his mouth, just as would any well mannered hack. Hunting men with mares with a turn of speed will not go far wrong in using him.

A GENESEO HUNTER  
(Courtesy Edward Dickinson)



TELPAN by LARDI-\*BURGOMOT, with owner Maxwell H. Glover Esq., up. This horse is a representative type that anyone might feel glad to raise for hunting and hacking purposes. He is a frequent winner of hunter events in Western New York Shows.



## Notes From Great Britain

By J. FAIRFAX-BLAKEBOROUGH

### "The Tote" And Greyhound Racing With Artificial Hare Not Recent

Brig.-General Sir Loftus Bates (clerk of the course of a number of race meetings) has kindly sent me two most interesting extracts from old newspapers which show that neither the "Tote" or the mechanical hare are as recent in this country as some imagined. So long ago as 1870 at the Northumberland and Newcastle Yeomanry Races, held on the old track on the Town Moor at Newcastle, they had "a betting machine". The Turf chronicler of those days, after telling us that there were many bookmakers present "who with powerful voice exhorted sportsmen to 'come and back one'," adds "The Pari-mutuel, or French mechanical system of betting, also found its place on the left of the grandstand, and apparently did a thriving trade." Apropos "The Tote", J. H. While recently wrote:

Epsom was one of the last racecourses to provide totalisators, but before the authorities had made this provision I witnessed the carrying into effect of a gigantic and daring swindle. An audacious gang had a huge imitation tote erected on the Downs, in great style on Derby Day, and it did a tremendous business. The operators actually invoked the aid of the police to keep in order the queues who quickly gathered round the machine to deposit their money on their fancies for the Derby, and at the back of the tote the money taken was carried away while the bets were still being taken in front. When the big race was in progress the operators simply melted away in thin air, and the aggrieved and angry bettors found they had been "diddled" in a most novel and astonishing manner.

Greyhound racing, which has become so popular throughout the country during the last decade, was apparently conducted on very similar lines nearly seventy years ago, for in 1876, "The Times" announced:

In a field near the Welsh Harp at Hendon, a course has been laid out for running an artificial hare. For a distance of 400 yards, in a straight line, a rail has been laid down in the grass. It is traversed through its whole course by a groove, in which runs the apparatus like a skate on wheels. On this is mounted the artificial hare. It is made to travel along the ground at any required pace, so naturally to resemble the living animal that it is eagerly pursued by greyhounds. The whole scene is that presented by a racecourse, the rail over which the hare runs is hid in the grass, and the windlass by which the apparatus is moved, does not catch the eye of the spectator. The new sport is undoubtedly an exciting and interesting one. In the course of recent trials the hounds succeeded more than once in catching the hare, which they tore to bits.

#### Old Time Bookmakers

The old-time bookmakers were certainly not as refined, as well educated, or as much respected as those of today, who hold a very different status in society. Nevertheless, rough as were many 'pencilers' we remember in the ring forty years or so ago, they were generous to a fault to charity, to any appeal for those con-

nected with the Turf who had fallen on evil days, and also to those who had got deep into their books and could not, or would not, pay their debts of honour. I have previously referred to this considerate and even magnanimous treatment of those who 'knocked', and a well-known bookmaker in the Midlands has written to me pointing out that when Tattersall's was in Grosvenor Place, gentlemen every Monday put in an appearance after the big meetings, as failure to do so was certain to cause severe comments. Some big wagers who were unable or unwilling to part, were able to carry it off with bluster and an air which was almost as good as having bank notes in hand, or a cheque (which would not 'bounce') accurately filled in. My correspondent, who knew so well all the last of the great men in the ring who have now passed on, continues:

Even those who had lost all patience with certain clients and, after long waiting and many unfulfilled promises, had lost their tempers too, were very human. On the very day which was to be the last, and after which they had sworn to have their pound of flesh, they often found themselves laughing at the wit and the very impudence of those who owed, and a further respite was goodnaturedly granted.

In the book on racing edited by the Duke of Beaufort fifty odd years ago stories are told to illustrate the treatment of bookmakers by gentlemen and vice versa, together with the underlying fact, of which bookmakers were well aware, that when they had dealings with men who were gentlemen and sportsmen, they were pretty safe in the long run of receiving what was owing to them. Here are the stories:

"You owe me fifty, my lord," said a nervous bookmaker to a notoriously unready settler. "Quite right, I do," was the prompt response. Then after a pause, "What the devil are you waiting for?" "For you to pay me, my lord." "Pay you! Haven't I told you you are quite right, and isn't that sufficient? Go away man, and don't bother me."

"Now H", said another backer, "it's a long time since you and I had a settlement, and it's quite time we did." So the pair set to work comparing bets. Both proved to have kept accurate records, the books tallied in every respect, and a balance was declared in favour of the bookmaker to the amount of £606-10-8. He felt that having got rid of an account long outstanding, he had not lost his day. Then, with a satisfied air, rose the backer, and drawing forth £6-10-8, laid it on the table with the remark, "Now H, I'm glad to have sifted all this. I owe you £600, and we can start afresh", saying which, with head erect, he marched triumphantly out of the room. But this sort of game would not bear repetition, for if a backer absented himself from "The Corner", he soon began to be talked about at the Clubs as a defaulter, to lose caste, and to be avoided by his compeers, whereas it is to be feared that in these days (1885) the fact of "being on the slate with the boys" is too frequently regarded as in the nature of things, and as having no bearing on social status. To backers who have by accident and without malice aforethought, overstepped the limits of prudence the ring-men have invariably proved kind and forbearing.

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- AND ANNOUNCING**  
Warrenton, Virginia

## Portland Notes

BY PAT WHITE

### A Good Type Stallion

Recently, while at the Longacres race track near Seattle, Wash., to attend a few days of racing, we visited the Edmarie Stock Farm at Renton where stands Gladiator by Superman—Imp. Lotawanna by Trenton. Not knowing exactly what to expect in the appearance of a twenty-five year old horse, we were more than surprised and pleased to find a strong and magnificent looking stallion. He stands 16.3, a bay with a white blaze

on his fine intelligent head, a beautiful arched neck, and most important—good bone and substance. As to be expected in his age, he shows a tendency to become swaybacked; otherwise, you would never realize his age.

Mr. Edward Pannell, the manager, told us of his good disposition and we had proof of this as we were allowed to enter the paddock and obtain a closer view. Also at this same farm were four mares and foals by **Gladiator**—all chestnuts with white markings and all showed their sire's

Continued on Page Twelve

# HUNTER DIRECTORY

## TO HUNTER OWNERS

Those who own hunters IN ANY PART OF THE STATES are missing an opportunity to inform prospective buyers of their whereabouts. Hunting people, when going to a country, and there are many moving now, look at the Directory to see where there is a hunter stable close to their new location. Register with us.

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# The Chronicle

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(Middleburg, Virginia)

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THE CHRONICLE welcomes, not only the latest news, but personal views of readers, on all subjects of general interest pertaining to the Thoroughbred, the Steeplechase, the Horse Show and the Hunting Field. The views expressed by correspondents are not necessarily those of THE CHRONICLE.

Communications should be accompanied by the writer's name and address, along with any pen name desired. THE CHRONICLE requests correspondents to write on one side of a sheet of paper, and when addressing THE CHRONICLE, not to direct the letter in the name of an Editor, as this may cause delay. All Editorial communications should be mailed to Middleburg, Virginia.

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## Editorials

### TO HUNTING MEN IN THE SERVICES

To a good many of you this will be your Christmas Chronicle. We have tried to give you all the hunting news we can for this issue. There is one thing that you may be sure of, your hunting people back here are carrying on for you. Whenever we even breathe a suggestion that it might be nice to present certain news, the response is tremendous. We have placed the stories by two of our past contributors, one of whom is actually in the service and the other all full of war work, on the front page, in the spots that we use for special news, their's is special news. It is a shame that you have to miss your hunting, for there is no doubt but that these hounds are turning in some grand sport, which those who follow them are enjoying.

Maybe the next best thing to being there, is to read about it, thanks to our loyal army of contributors, there should be no lack of that. Any of you who fail to see your hunts reported, when you write, tell those at home about it. You may be sure we will never leave out a word of whatever comes in. This is your hunting paper and that is our mission while hounds are running.

### TEAMWORK AND THE CHRONICLE

Figures have been given us as to the number of publications that have had to shut down for this period of emergency. We have received letters expressing wonder that we are able to carry on.

The answer to that is that we stick to the horse and let him lead us, as we see his need for us. Besides this, we are operating on a minimum budget.

This of necessity hampers us somewhat, we have to present the news you want, it is our mission and our duty, as well as pleasure. You readers can help us materially by saying to yourselves:—"That chap would enjoy The Chronicle."

When we have the name and address in Berryville of "that chap", we will immediately send him a paper with our compliments at your request, with an invitation to subscribe. If everyone of our subscribers would send in 3 names, The Chronicle would be grateful.

We ask you to help us aggressively ride The Chronicle into more families, it is for the good of the horse. Teamwork is making our bomber crews successful, it is carrying the Allies from defensive to offensive action, ultimate victory.

We ask you Chroniclers to team with us, here in this small office, in putting on an offensive for the dissemination of good, clean news of the horse world as we know it.

### TO OUR HUNTING CONTRIBUTORS

So many have sent us in glorious accounts of days with their hounds, that it has been impossible to carry all of them this week. We have, therefore, used those that came in first, so as to be impartial. The rest will go next week, which will be in time for the men in the services at most posts, before they eat their Christmas dinners as honored guests of Uncle Sam. Your response for this Christmas letter about hunting to these men is a thing that should make the hunting world choke with pride at the loyalty shown to the "sport of kings".

## Letters to the Editor

### Answer A Purpose

Gentlemen:

As a reader of The Chronicle and other horse publications, I am very interested in the controversy now raging regarding the large number of inferior Thoroughbreds.

Believing my past experiences to be of some use, I would like to cast my oar into troubled waters, and by feeble efforts to clarify a few points in this muddle.

In the first place, as is said of the poor, they are always with us, so it is with these so called, crow-baits.

Not much can be done about it now except discussion, however steps should be taken now for future action on this pressing problem. These suggested steps I will outline later.

First it must be remembered that these inferior Thoroughbreds furnish a living, or close to a living for many small horseman who have not the means to purchase finer animals as much as they would like to.

These inferior animals fill a lot of races, and carry on after a fashion when the name horses are unable or indisposed to do so.

Many a well known trainer today, got his start handling these scrubs on the leaky roof circuits, gaining invaluable experience that came in handy in later years.

The fact must be emphasized that the average owner and handler of these horses loves the sport of turf and field, just as much as "Mr. Vandergrift" in his high domed castle does.

So mayhap gentlemen, these crow-baits fit into the scheme of things. At any rate they answer a purpose, and while they are with us, just as in the case of the poor, they will have to work for an existence.

As in the case of any monstrous mistake, blame must be fixed on the responsible parties. Who then is responsible for this ghastly situation? Who or what caused the country to be flooded with nondescript horses?

First I will attempt to give a few reasons for what I believe to be the cause. They are as follows:

1. The Roman Holiday spectacle of yearling trials; yearlings being ridden by "gargantuans" at top speed.
2. Early and excessive two-year-old racing.
3. Too much paper breeding and not enough attention paid to type, conformation, size of bone, body measurements, etc.
4. Failure of some breeders to recognize the valuable properties of good grass, minerals, and parasite control.
5. The attitude of, "well he or she will make a hunter", if he or she isn't fast enough, without taking into consideration the temperamental or conformation qualifications required in such an individual.

These gentlemen I think are a few of the reasons why some Thoroughbreds born under a noble birthright and some not, wind up racing around the jerichos with leaky roofs or wring and twist their way through a hunting field.

My suggestions for alleviating this situation are as follows:

1. Postponement of two-year-old racing.
2. Set up a board of active expert

### Mrs. Samuel Riddle

To The Editor

I want to commend highly the beautiful article by Salvator in last week's issue of The Chronicle about Mrs. Samuel D. Riddle.

It is a wonderful record to have of a very sweet and beautiful character and The Chronicle has given great inspiration to all of Mr. and Mrs. Riddle's friends by contributing this wholesome and inspiring expression about one who was so much beloved.

Sincerely yours,

Isaac H. Clothier, Jr.

### Has Its Advantages

Dear Editor,

The articles discussing the advantages and disadvantages of the standing martingale always interest me. Most generally the writers discourage the use of the standing martingale on hunters and jumpers, but when I am out hunting or at horse shows I notice that their use is very prevalent. I have about come to the conclusion that theoretically the standing martingale is all wrong but that actually it works.

In your issue of September 18, 1942, Margaret De Martely in one of her admirable articles on Horsemanship says, "A standing martingale—should not under any circumstances be used when jumping." Yet on the opposite page of that same issue appear photographs of the 1942 Warrenton blue ribbon winners, Cornish Hills, Big Boy, and Ferry Landing, each performing beautifully in slippery going in a standing martingale.

Very sincerely yours,

Anna F. Hedrick.

### Best Ever

To The Editor

The writer received his commission in the United States Army effective as of December 1, and is to be assigned as a 1st Lieutenant in a Transportation Agency of the War Department in Atlanta, Georgia for now.

I would appreciate your forwarding my Chronicle to the Atlanta Biltmore Hotel for the present. The pictures I mentioned in my previous letter are being forwarded by a local photographer and I would like to personally thank you for the courtesies extended the writer and the sportsmen in this territory by the best Thoroughbred horse paper ever published.

Sincerely yours,

Lt. William O. Bridge.

Detroit

horsemen to serve in an advisory and educational capacity.

3. Proper recognition of hunter sires as being such.

4. Discourage promiscuous breeding.

5. Only tried and true performers to be put into the stud.

Closing with heart felt wishes for the general improvement of the breed, I remain yours sincerely,

Pvt. Louis A. Nelson.

Remount Depot  
Front Royal, Va.  
November 30, 1942.



## Now It Can Be Told

Continued from page One

at least five pairs of boots; as many pairs of breeches; and an assortment of coats the like of which I had never seen; and three or four hats. I looked at the clothes and Case's valet looked at me, and then I sat down and laughed for about ten minutes. The valet said,—"I think if you will take off your clothes, Sir, we can fit you out somehow"—and they did. I believe I wore Mr. McCarthy's breeches and coat and Allan Case's boots and hat (I believe I wore my own underclothing and stockings, but I am not even sure of that). I know I felt very funny when I got through, but quite comfortable. I also know that—thanks to standing on my head during the day later on—I ruined the hat, split the breeches, and tore the coat; so I think my hunting in Canada must have been very popular with Toronto tailors.

Well—when I was dressed I went down stairs, where Case was waiting to give me what he called a "late breakfast" before we started off. I don't know what time we had got to bed the night before; I don't think I had been to bed at all for Toronto is a very "wet" spot during the Horse Show. "Breakfast" consisted of scrambled eggs, sausages, and champagne. By the way, I think I ought to tell my readers that at the first luncheon party that I went to during the Horse Show week in Toronto, the host—a certain Mr. Johnson—came up to me and said, "Mr. Higginson, I am told that you don't like cocktails; so we decided this week—all of us—that you are to have champagne everywhere you go", and with that he produced a bottle of champagne, so Case was only living up to this when he gave me champagne for breakfast. Thank God, he didn't expect me to drink the whole bottle; but we finished it off between us, and then we started off in a motor for Aurora, some twenty-five miles outside the city. It was a decent sort of a day and it looked as if we might have sport—in fact, knowing Charlie Morris of old—I felt sure that we should—and we did.

Hounds met at the farm of a Mr. Shaw, and when we got there we found there was quite a large Field assembled. They all seemed to feel that it was necessary that we partake of a little more refreshments before starting out; so we had more scrambled eggs, and another bottle of what came to be known as "Higginson's Malted Milk." When this was carefully put out of the way, we started off and jogged perhaps three miles to a very likely-looking bit of covert. Morris, with whom I was riding, remarked to me that he thought we ought to find, and I (knowing Morris) thought that in all probability we should. He sent his Whipper-in to the far side of the covert, on the left-hand side of the road, to view the fox away; and he attempted to put hounds in on the left-hand side of the road—alas—hounds saw fit to flash back into the covert on the right, where they hit the line off with a roar, ran some 150 yards, and—killed. We heard the uproar; slipped into the covert; and there was Morris looking very red and very angry, but of course breaking up his fox in orthodox form. He looked up at me and I said,—"Too bad they chopped him, Charlie"—and that was all.

Well—in about three minutes he

## Meadow Brook

Continued from page One

Charles Jones woods still harbor the usual number.

Mrs. James A. Hewlett has been efficiently representing the absent Masters, and acting Masters, besides carrying innumerable local war service responsibilities, and she, with Tom Allison, has given the subscribers excellent sport—Allison hunts a mixed pack of 14 couple and Tuesday last was the best day of the season to date.

Hounds met at Sir Ashley Spark's farm and found their first fox in Cushman's, just east of Sir Ashley's house. As Allison described it:—"It

got his hounds together and started back onto the road again, and this time he succeeded in putting them into the covert as he had originally intended to do. Morris turned to me. "Slip around to the far side of the covert, Sir," he said, "where the Whipper-in is. I think our fox will break there." I started around the covert, but before I had got half-way round, there came a holloa from the Whipper-in on the far side, and when I got to where I could see him, he was standing in his stirrups with his cap in the air. The pack came to his holloa; hit off the line and went away at top pace with a tremendous cry. I suppose they were half a field in front of me by the time I got settled, and with them was Morris, who had come through the covert, and the other whipper-in. I was on a great big bay horse of Mr. Shaw's, which he had kindly loaned me. They told me he could jump anything and I firmly believe he could, for he did with me. In fact, he jumped so big going over the first fence that I struck my foot on one of the uprights of the worm fence; lost my balance and fell off, thereby ruining the hat and damaging other parts of my clothing. However, it did no damage to me and we were going again in about half a minute—a little dirty but otherwise uninjured.

For about 50 minutes we had as good a run as one could ask for—the going was perfect, there wasn't any wire, my horse carried me beautifully, and hounds ran like smoke. It was almost too good to be true; in fact, in the light of forty years experience I think it was a little too good to be true. At the end of 50 minutes hounds checked and in spite of casting and careful ventry which Morris displayed, they couldn't seem to hit it off. Somehow the country had a very familiar look, and after all attempts to recover the line had failed, I said to Morris,—"Aren't we somewhere near the covert we first drew?" He looked up at me queerly—"Yes, Sir," he answered, "we killed right over there, Sir, this morning; but please don't say anything, Sir, the rest of them won't notice it." And that is all there was to it;—but it was a thundering good hunt and I don't think the general public knew exactly what happened. I thought I knew then, and I think I know now; but officially it certainly was one of the great hunts of the season.

We got back to the farm about 5:00 o'clock and they gave me some more "Malted Milk", and then Case motored me back to Toronto again and I changed into my dress clothes and got into the Judging Ring by eight o'clock and tried to see how the other men's horses were jumping. What a day it was!

## Brandywine

Continued from page One

across the field into Huey's large woods, where they went away with a crash directly upwind. The pack ran well with a good cry over Tom Graham's place, through McKee's woods, and over the hill to Francis Stewart's farm. Here a slight check occurred at a cross-roads, but hounds cast themselves, picked up the line, and raced on through Baker's woods, across the stone road, over Joseph Patterson's hill, through his woods, and down to the west branch of the Brandywine at Woodward's farm. The pack crossed the Brandywine, and raced across the meadows of Indian Rock Farm.

Luckily the Northbrook Bridge was only a quarter of a mile upstream, and the Field crossed 'here, and soon were again on good terms with the pack, which raced over Indian Rock Farm, and across Murphy's farm to the East Fountain Farm cover. Here there was a very short check where the fox had been turned by a gunner, but Dashwood hit the line, and the pack ran on north over the edge of Keller's farm, past Groundhog College, then on north into the wind over the roll-

was a mighty cold day, the wind driving out of the west, ain't no one would have thought scent were good. Lord Almighty it weren't good, it were burning. Houn's was drawin' one minute, gone the next. The fox took a straight line south-east, through Columbia, over the Cold Spring Road, passing south of Mrs. Cooper's house, crossing the Oeland farm an' goin' in them woods on the far edge, wheer houn's marked him in. It was fast, fast as houn's can run. We found again' in them fields near Charlie Jone's house. This fox run all over Jone's an' on up into Oeland's, then turned back, an' headin' northeast crossed Mr. Nichol's farm, that other place cross the road where there's all them fields of flowers, an' goes in an earth just above Cold Spring village. An hour an' a half that run was, an' houn's an' horses was tired." And then he added, "write down we all is doin' our best to carry on, an' tell all them boys, Mr. Freddy, Mr. Johnny, Mr. Jack an' Mr. Harry, Joe, Brud an' all the others how we miss 'em. It just ain't the same without 'em and without you."

ing hills of Hayden's farm. At this point the pack ran so fast that they simply outdistanced the Field in the open country, and for a time we had to trust to our ears.

On went the pack north without a check across the Strassburg Road, over the big wooded hill west of Busby's farm, on past Newbold's into Shadyside Woods, straight through Shadyside Woods without a check, and across the Shadyside Road through the next woodlands to the north, and then over open rolling country to the long woodland just south of the Pennsylvania Railroad at Downingtown. Here the pack bore east through the woods to the Brandywine School House. Here occurred the first real check. From Baker's Woods to this point the huntsman might just as well have been home in bed.

During a short check, which was very much needed by the horses, a

Continued on Page Twenty

## REST AND RELAX AT The Homestead Spa

### Virginia Hot Springs

Far too many executives, under terrific pressure ever since Pearl Harbor, are far too close to the breakdown neither they nor their country can afford.

The rest and relaxation they must have await them at The Homestead, America's famous Spa at Virginia Hot Springs. Our natural mineral baths and other health aids, the wine-like mountain air, and the quiet pattern of life in the peaceful Alleghenies are magic tonics for taut nerves and exhausted energies.

Our booklet, "The Homestead Spa," and our special winter rates sent upon request.

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## LABOR PROBLEMS

### Make It Necessary For Me To Dispose Of MY HORSES, CARRIAGES, ETC.

#### "S-C"—½-bred Irish Hunter—17-1'

Bay Gelding, 9 years old. A quiet, safe conveyance. Knows his job in the hunting field and hacks very quietly. Has an easy trot and canter. Has hunted Spring Valley, Orange & London. Won the professional stake this year at Spring Valley. This horse drives and can be used to plow.

#### "LITTLE SPORT"—English Hunting Cob—15'

Bay mare, aged. Has been the quietest and most agreeable animal we have ever owned. Any guests or especially children visiting us have always enjoyed this mount. During past year have driven to station regularly. Nothing bothers her. She is very sure footed. Jumps 3' 6" with ease. Will not sell her unless good home is forthcoming. Very sturdy and up to 165 lbs.

#### "KENTUCKY SWEETHEART"—½-bred Hackney Pony—13-3'

Black with white stockings and blaze—Mare, 8 years old. Has won blue and red ribbons in Horsemanship Classes and Pony Classes, and also Children's Jumping Classes over 3 ft. Drives without any difficulty and will stand unhitched in front of stores, etc. I cannot recommend this little mare too highly. She has earned her way around our stable for five years.

#### "MESSENGER KID"—Thoroughbred

7 months old, filly by Grey Coat, out of The Kid who is by MESSENGER. Bought this weanling from Rigan McKinney with every expectation of making a brush horse. Recently this filly has jumped out of sheep hurdle paddock every day. Evidently "Blood will Tell".

We have all of the carriages, harness, etc., that have been used with these horses. Pictures are available. Transportation can be arranged, both to inspect them and in the event of sale, for delivery.

### G. Kenneth O'Hara

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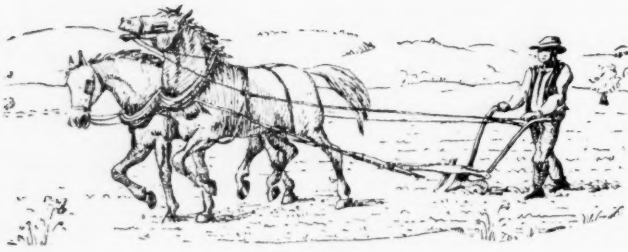
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# FARMING in WAR TIME



BY CASTLE HILL

## To Herd Owners

An assurance of the success of a herd is to make the area a center for the breed. Buyers who are looking for such cattle, have no difficulty in filling a car or two, without having to buy them all from one man.

Offer your calves that are not quite good enough for your prospective show herd, to the neighborhood, for breeding purposes, before altering the males; and the females that you don't expect to breed from. In other words, sell your own neighborhood, it will be your best advertising.

You cannot expect to establish your herd on a really sound basis if you don't do any pioneering, pioneer in your own farming area, through the infiltration of your own breed and through the 4-H Club activities. Never lose interest in the 4-H, it can take you to Chicago and many other places, at no cost to yourself.

You do not hear of the Devon, the Shorthorn, or any of the breeds of England being particularly identified with an individual, so much as being from the Vale of - - - - -, from the red clay of - - - - -, or the hills of - - - - -. The reason being that one can go to those districts and find the cattle looked for in most any of the pastures and yards.

When a man wants to buy a certain breed he does not want to have to go to an oasis of 1 or 2 breeders, he wants to be able to go where he can spend time looking over the herds, large and small, of the breeders in that section, where these cattle are popular. He will then feel that he has really combed the available prospects. The very psychology of being able to get around and see different lots often makes for sales, the buyer gets to thinking of the different presentations and will often go back and work on some that he had passed up at first.

This is not emphatic enough, we know it, but if you want to work up a name for your herd and your breed, develop your home territory, they will not become competitors, but co-operators in the same pioneering movement that you are trying to accomplish.

## Shorthorn Association

The Secretaryship of the Shorthorn Breeders Association changes. Rank C. Forbes, field man for the Association of American Shorthorn Breeders sends the following information which is of essential interest to those who handle this excellent breed of cattle. H. J. Gramlich is no longer secretary, his place being taken by Clint Tomson, of the Shorthorn World. Mr. Tomson will take over January 1. This change was made by the new board of directors of the Association, when in session lately. It may mark a decidedly more aggressive program in the presenta-

## Beef And Prices

Hereford and Angus buyers are really paying prices for their purebred replenishments. One wonders if they will not regret it later on. There must be a relationship between the ceiling-prices for purebreds and the ceiling prices for beef. Beef has to go mighty high for the prices to come anywhere near repaying the man who goes to the figures he does for his purebred Angus and Herefords.

Three steers born in March of 1941 were sold on Nov. 30, 1942 for 13c a pound, they averaged 800 pounds apiece, they had never seen corn, or other grain, nor had their mothers, but they had lived on the best of bluegrass pasture, with lots of good running water, shelter and shade. They had never been under a roof. Five dollars a month is a fairly good return for pasture, the steers were just roughly bred, out of very ordinary grade cows, by a rather better than average bull. They were the last of a bunch that have gone during this summer, those that are left are heifers, ready to cope with the winter. They are shorthorns, they have never lacked good grass, they have converted it into money on the hoof.

Going back to the high prices for Herefords. When a man goes out and really pays for a top bull, he is justified with this breed, as he is generally a landowner who has big range

tion of a breed that deserves all it can get and should never need to be "sold" to the cattle men of the areas where he is suited and which are growing each year, as more attention is paid to pasture improvement.

### A Great Shorthorn Transaction

"You'll be interested to know that the best Shorthorn bull I've seen in many years is now owned by Abram S. Hewitt. The bull is the great red Imp. Gosshall Ximenes whose pedigree I'm enclosing. At \$7,500, he topped the series of sales. I believe that is the highest price paid for a Shorthorn bull at vendue in recent years—and he is worth every dollar of it. Mr. Hewitt bought the bull and paid for him, but Paul Teegardin, Oakwood Farm, Ashville, Ohio, traded a half interest in his 3 herd sires for a half interest in the great red bull. At least that's the dope as I got it. Anyway, the transaction means much to Shorthorns in the east, and Abram Hewitt deserves all the praise Shorthorn breeders have at their command. Rank C. Bobes."

Gosshall Ximenes 2127336 (307739) Red, calved July 4, 1940. Bred by T. S. Coleman, Canterbury, England; imp. and owned by F. W. Harding, Waukesha, Wisconsin.

By the 1932 Perth Champion Coldock Union Jack, dam, Gosshall Pure Gold 4th.

## Portland Notes

Continued from Page Nine

quality in good size and bone and not sacrificing for this any style and fineness. A five month old filly, out of Plenty Gold, already had outstanding conformation—a lovely carriage of her fine head and neck and the substance of her strong hind quarters especially endeared her to me.

Gladiator is not only famous for his Thoroughbred progeny—his half breders are as equally known in their own field. A gelding, Jupiter, and a mare, Sun Rae, both bays, full brother and sister, standing 16.3, are two extremely good examples of this in Portland. Between the two of them the majority of the paper chases of the Portland Hunt Club are taken back to the Nicol Riding Academy, owners. Jupiter, the easy going big gelding has also to his credit two wins of the annual steeplechase and numerous point-to-points. In addition, there is Playboy, a light bay gelding, 17 hands and one of the consistent middleweight hunter types in this district. Therefore, knowing these extremely good using horses, we were especially impressed with this horse and only wish we could have more of his get in this section.

### Thanksgiving Day

Thanksgiving Day again was the date for the most important of the annual paper chases of the Portland Hunt Club. Only members are eligible for the Leadbetter trophy, which carries the names of most of the city's best riders since 1905. Although the weather was cold and extremely rainy, a sufficient field and a good number of spectators turned out. "Beginners luck" favored seventeen year old James H. Brown who was riding his first chase and galloped in for an easy first on Moonbeam. H. A. Mickelson on Prince William was second. The only close finish for places was for third and G. H. Oberteuffer on Dolly D nosed out Bill Tull on Airway for the white ribbon.

Many of the club's top riders now in the armed forces and war work were missing and the loss was great-

ly felt in the quality and quantity of the field. Bill Bernard, winner in the event for the last two years on Sun Rae, and Hugh McGuire, winner in 1935 on Red Day, served as judges. Messrs. Joe Windolph and Ted Crawford laid the chase. Members and their friends gathered at the clubhouse later for refreshments.

Garry McGonigle, a recent active horseman, was at home on a short furlough from Rort Riley. He informed us that he and Gale Fletcher, also, an enthusiastic rider, had completed their Officer's Training course and were now 2nd Lieutenants.

## HERD DIRECTORY

In order to assist readers of The Chronicle who pay especial attention to maximum production from their farms, we present this directory of the owners of good herds of the country. We hope that it will prove of benefit to those who sell and also buy.

### MARYLAND

ABERDEEN-ANGUS BEEF CATTLE  
PERCHERON DRAFT HORSES  
MONOCACY FARMS Frederick, Md.

### VIRGINIA

CHAPEL HILL FARM  
ABERDEEN-ANGUS CATTLE  
Herd sire Eric 2nd of Redgate 597295  
T. B. and Bangs Accredited  
DAVID R. DONOVAN, Mgr.  
Chapel Hill, Berryville, Va.

POLLED SHORTHORN BEEF CATTLE  
International Grand Champion Bulls  
on straight Scotch Foundation females.  
Top converters of grass into beef at weight for age.  
MR. AND MRS. A. MACKAY SMITH  
Farnley Farm White Post, Va.

MONTANA HALL SHORTHORNS  
Cows from the best horned and polled families  
Will calve to OAKWOOD PURE GOLDx  
A few promising calves (horned and polled)  
now available  
White Post, Va.

### WEST VIRGINIA

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JAMES M. WOLFE  
Charles Town, W. Va. Phone 5-F-24

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THE GYMKHANA AT CHATHAM, Va.



After the doughnuts. Student doughnut and cracker race.



Obstacle race. Riders having first crawled under the benches, they then lead their horses over.



Nancy Berckmans on RED ROY during practice.



Susie Hays on RUMMY during practice.



Virginia Penny on BEESWAX during practice.

THE MEADOW BROOK HOUNDS  
(Bert Morgan Pictures)

F. Ambrose Clark and J. C. Cooley drive to the meet, this view will be of interest to those away from hounds this year. The story by Betty Babcock is especially called attention to in this issue.



The pack with Thomas Allison "Dean of Huntsmen" and Wesley Heflin consists of 26-1/2 couple of Crossbreds, Welsh and English, this year, having been cut in half during the emergency. It is worth noticing that they are in the pink for work.



## Martingales And Horsemanship

By W. S. LAING

What is a martingale? What are its uses? What are its benefits? What are its abuses?

The old saying that "two wrongs never make a right" is always true, though one wrong may sometimes counteract another. We must face the facts that when we put on a martingale or any other gadget on a horse, we are doing him an injury or, at least, causing him a hindrance, at the same time admitting we cannot ride him without help, or rather, without handicapping him in some way.

In former times when sportsmen had more leisure they took the time and trouble to "mouth" and balance their horses, and most of this work was done on the ground before the colts were ridden. The old time saddle horsemen educated their horses, but I regret to say that nowadays it is very exceptional to see a properly bridled and balanced horse in either the hunting field or the show ring.

All that a good horseman should need, to ride a good hunter, is a properly fitted bridle and saddle without any contraptions except possibly a breastplate which is useful in a hilly country. All other contrivances are supposed to help in keeping the poor rider out of trouble, but they have no regard for the horses' feelings in the matter. He, the horse, is treated as dumb, though he has more sense than most of us.

There have been many books written in recent years on riding and horsemanship, but unfortunately all of them are mechanical and written almost entirely from a rider's point of view, treating the horse merely as a means of conveyance, or with secondary consideration. The only book that I have read, and I think I have read or seen most all of them—that has a true understanding of horsemanship and the feelings of a horse, is the life of Steve Donahue—(Donahue Up).

These few remarks about horsemanship in general lead up to the question that we started with; what is a martingale and what are its uses? A martingale was contrived to keep a horse's head down where it should be, and to prevent its being pulled up too high by the hands of a poor rider. No horse, if turned loose without saddle or rider or bridle will gallop or jump with his head up. He tries to get his head up to avoid the pain caused by the roughness of the bad rider's hands. When his head is up the bit leans against his teeth and not against the sensitive bars of his jaw.

The two types of martingales commonly used are known as the standing and the running. A standing martingale is attached directly to the noseband of the bridle and is in many ways, when properly fitted and adjusted, a very helpful contrivance to assist poor riders and keep unmannerly horses' heads in a safe position. It does not interfere with a horse's

mouth nor with his movements, but it does prevent a horse swinging his head up at the wrong time and causing trouble to his rider.

I have used standing martingales on hundreds of horses of all kinds with the same numbers of riders, from some of the best to some of the worst, and there is no reason that I know of why it might cause trouble if properly adjusted, but as I have already said, a good horseman does not need one unless he happens to be mounted on an unmannerly horse.

The commonest fault as I have seen it amongst riders, is that the martingale is attached to a noseband which is from 3 to 6 inches too far up on the horse's nose. This destroys the usefulness of the martingale, and allows a horse to get his head just high enough to be in the most unsafe position that he could carry it. The noseband should be low enough on the horse's nose to prevent him sticking his head forward and getting his head in the air.

The running martingale is a somewhat similar contrivance to the standing, with the difference that instead of being attached to the noseband, it is connected with the bridle by two rings through which the reins run with a see-saw movement which is a source of constant interference with a horse and irritation to a rider if he or she has got "hands". Unfortunately in this argument the horse gets the worst of it, and has constant friction against the bars of his mouth, when all he is asking for is freedom so that he can negotiate a country without mistakes.

Horses are easily taught, and with a little time and patience they soon learn to "drop" their noses to a bridle, and when they do they are a pleasure to ride, as there is no interference between the rider's hands and the horse's mouth. Personally I would just as soon ride a hunt on a horse with a running martingale as play a game of tennis with a nail in my shoe. It would irritate me just as much. The man who rides with a running martingale has never acquired real understanding of a horse's thoughts or feelings. To him a horse is only a machine to carry him.

I would like to recommend all riders to spend a little less thought on the mathematical problems of sitting on a horse, a little less time and money devoted to all the "tack" they have to use, and more to the horse's feelings and his reactions to their treatment. Both they and their horses would be so much happier, and have a much better time together.

I once heard a young lady say as she was getting on a horse, "I hate this horse," I said, "You don't hate him half as much as he hates you." She became a good rider in time. I hope this little story may help to explain some of my points of view.

### THE STALLION ROSTER

The Stallion Roster will be published by The Chronicle in its January 22, 1943 issue. We are now sending out cards of inquiries to the owners who appeared in the last Roster. We ask these recipients of cards to fill them in and return them at their earliest convenience. Others who now own stallions will be listed if they will inform us of what they own. A roster is only valuable if it is accurate.

### SEDFIELD HUNT

High Point,  
North Carolina.  
Established 1927.  
Recognized 1941.

We had a very fine run Thanksgiving morning and a very fine breakfast afterwards. The Thanksgiving breakfast is one of the annual events of the Hunt that is looked forward to by all interested. We met at the Embassy Club at 8:00 o'clock Thanksgiving morning and a field of about 28 rode for about three hours—putting three foxes to ground. Every one returned to the Embassy Club and in addition to those riding we had a great many social members and guests come in with about 70 at a Thanksgiving breakfast. At this breakfast we were honored by having a special table for a number of the Officers and their wives from the Sedgfield Army Air Force Technical Training Command Post at Sedgfield, and this table included the president of the Sedgfield Horse Show, now First Lieutenant Nathan M. Ayers of the Army Air Force and his charming wife, Nell, and the Commanding General of the Post, Brigadier General Junius W. Jones and Mrs. Jones—the General having in command the entire Eastern Seaboard of the Army Air Force Technical Training Command; his Chief of Staff, Colonel Frank and Mrs. Thompson; the General's Aide, Lieutenant Delk Simpson; Colonel and Mrs. Jenkins and one of our former members, Lieutenant James E. Foscoe and his bride-to-be, Miss Sarah Lacey Tomlinson. Lieutenant Foscoe had just run up from Miami Beach to marry Miss Tomlinson on Saturday of last week.

Colonel Frank Page, of Greensboro, who is the Dean of Fox Hunting and Hounds in North Carolina, acted as Toast Master and Masters Frank Curran of Greensboro and Earl N. Phillips of High Point, made short talks on our efforts to carry on hunting for the duration and to welcome our visitors from the Air Force. General Jones made a few remarks to the effect that he had never hunted foxes but had hunted coyotes in the Jungle regions and that he hoped to hunt with us soon. There were other extemporaneous remarks and among these was the song, "Right in the Fuehrer's Face" sung with much gusto by our loyal member, Mr. Stark S. Dillard of Greensboro.

Hounds are going out Wednesdays and Saturdays and the coming Saturday—December 5—is to be quite an occasion as the entire Hunt membership and some 60 officers of the Sedgfield Army Air Force Techni-

### SMITHTOWN HUNT

Syosset, Long Island, N. Y.  
Established 1900.  
Recognized 1907.

December 1942

Drag hounds will meet at 3 p. m., informal:

Saturday, 12th, Mr. Goetchius, Smithtown Branch.

Saturday, 19th, Mr. LaRosa's, Nissequogue.

Owing to war conditions. It is urgently requested that hunting be carried on with the least possible annoyance to land owners and others. Margaret Melville, Secretary.

### At Fort Huachuca

Colonel Edwin N. Hardy who was Chief of Remount before Colonel Daniels, the present Chief, is in command of the post at Fort Huachuca, long time cavalry post, since the days of the Indian Wars in fact. The post is now the headquarters of the 93rd Division, a colored organization, commanded by Major-General Charles P. Hall. "Pinky" as he is familiarly known to his friends, was stationed at Fort Meyer, when Chief of Remount. He is well known to all horsemen of the service.

cal Training Command Post are being entertained at a cocktail party immediately after the Hunt by our good members Mr. and Mrs. Lex Schwabenton.—T. N. Rochelle.

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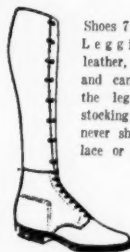
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Also Gloves, Stock Ties, Hunting Shirts and other Accessories. Hunting Appointments.  
New and Used Saddles, Bridles by Whippy, Barnaby, etc.

# WAR and the HORSE



## The Cavalry Journal

The November-December issue of the Cavalry Journal is now released. Here are some excerpts that have instant appeal to the layman in search of a better understanding of this war and its execution. More complete reading will undoubtedly disclose more "meat" which Editor Colonel Sumner has granted us permission to use at will.

In the German army a Task Force is composed of units from a pool, these are placed under one command. This pool is composed of basic units, i. e., various types of divisions and G. H. Q. organizations. These are elements from all branches of the service, army, navy and air force. They have one mission, which has been specified, all these elements work without rivalry, to the common end. A military commander charged with a definite mission is in absolute command. He is responsible only to one authority for the outcome and can have no excuse for failure.

"It is a weapon in itself, the same as terrain, weather conditions and other factors. With a united command on the offensive, an enemy weakness can be exploited in the shortest time with all the resources of the command," says Lieut.-Col. John R. Lovell, C. A. C.

Lieut.-Col. Emilio L. De Letona, who is also quoted from the Cavalry Journal finishes a short summarization of lessons from the German Cavalry School by saying:—"Horse cavalry and mechanized cavalry will always be but one cavalry, for they both have missions and both must possess that which constitutes the most precious attributes of the cavalry—the traditional spirit of the cavalryman." We cannot emphasize this enough to our horsemen readers. A young man recently graduated from the O. C. S. at the Cavalry School told us. "I was not a horseman, but I came from this horse country, so I chose the mechanized cavalry. I will never regret it, for the cavalry does something to you inside that it is hard to define, save that it is what a soldier needs".

The Cavalry Journal of this last issue, as usual, is full of revealing photographs taken actually on the fighting lines of the various fronts. They are not published for sensational appeal as are those in many civilian publications, but to illuminate its accompanying articles. Remember these articles are written by men trained in the art of warfare, specialists in their own particular arm. They are men chosen for a special mission because of their known efficiency which will decimate the elements of chance in its accomplish-

## More Frequent Contact With The Enemy

Mr. Churchill has lately said, in his encouraging statements about the trend of the allied drive against the enemy:—"All we need is more frequent contact with the enemy." In other words, as long as we can get at them, we can really do a good job of decimating their ranks. Constant annihilation of their units can have but one end.

Numerical supremacy is no longer in favor of the enemy, fighting equipment is no longer in favor of the enemy, the time has come when the end can be seen though there will be much fierce fighting.

"All we need is more frequent contact with the enemy", and we have the rapid and efficient means of making that contact. Thanks to the inventive powers and the industry of our magnificent manufacturing plants and the careful planning of our Service of Supplies, which sees that these supplies reach our troops in the field.

## Fort Reno News

R. U. Shovelington reports: Pitchforks, Inc. P. F. C. T. Holloway is in charge of the old polo stable. Eleven horses, 20 box stalls and all by his lonesome. Pvt. R. V. Clark just bought Lt. George Olivies' second hand, slightly used fork which George left with us for re-sale. Both polo players, they used to use the same length mallets. Bobby says the fork hasn't got enough whip in the head.

Corporal Gayer "Johnnie" is doing fine and is talking dressage. We wonder where he learned that stuff. His brother is resting up for the foaling season. Sidney Waters has been promoted—Sid is the promoter—and his anticipated joy ride east with a pioneer fell through. He's still one of my best customers and is buying more new handles than anybody. He says its a shame the government doesn't conserve wood instead of rubber.

Pvt. Joe Murphy, formerly a show rider with Jack Prestafe of Watertown, Conn., is here and recently bought himself several pieces of land. He's still going a little short, but a kiss on his cheek might fix him up.

Other news consists of a batch of coastguards men here for horse shoeing school. Col. Treland is being relieved by Col. Rudge.

We just wondered whether or not you made a typographical error. We are still glad to hear it, but is it true about Bostwick and Stoddard? Bobby Young is a Phi Beta Kapa man also.

Best,

R. U. Shovelington, Pitchfork, Inc.  
Short handles this month as we've got to get down to business

ment. From such sources are the pages filled. Nothing is sensational, nothing pro-horse. The Journal has the aim and purpose of "disseminating knowledge of the military art and science".

To the layman at home who wishes to see the war through a soldier's eye, we recommend the Cavalry Journal. It is available to civilians who may apply for it by writing to the Editorial Offices, 1719 K Street, Northwest, Washington, D. C., where the courtesy of the Cavalry is shown to all.

## Horses For Ordnance Plant

Ab Burke, veteran horseman of Lincoln, has been authorized to purchase horses suitable for use by the guards at the Mead Ordnance Plant in Nebraska. The horses are selected for soundness and disposition. The work is not under the jurisdiction of the Cavalry, since the horses are owned and maintained by the Plant and the guards are civilian employees. This use of horses exemplifies one way in which the war is stimulating the production of good horses.

## Blue Ridge

Continued from Page One

from Fairfield, Conn. for several weeks hunting with the Blue Ridge and although he has since gone to the dogs (he is in charge of training dogs at Front Royal) we were glad to welcome him back to this part of the world. Some of our followers will shortly enter the armed forces. Dr. Birch goes into the Army as a Lieutenant on December 17th and Richard Dole and Billy Noland of Warrenton (who had a day with us) are waiting for orders from the Air Force. The presence of these boys in the field and their great keenness are a constant reminder that foxhunting is an integral part of the way of life which their country is fighting to preserve.

November has been a month for those who hunt to ride rather than for those who ride to hunt. In spite of the moisture in the ground, scent has been definitely poor. During the cubbing season we were able to draw this big country pretty thoroughly and to locate the whereabouts of most of the foxes in it. With this knowledge we have succeeded in getting hounds away very close to their foxes and they have hunted with such drive that we have had a succession of good gallops. On the other hand scent has been so poor that foxes have eventually been able to beat hounds and comparatively few have been accounted for.

We had a good day for the opener when hounds met on Saturday, Oct. 31st at Clay Hill at nine. In the Vineyard Woods, the first covert drawn, we found at once and had a fast gallop across the Page, Carter and Randolph farms to the east and south, farms by the way, which are still owned by the descendants of King Carter who bought the land from Lord Fairfax in 1729. Here our pilot turned west to the Meade pines and then north and northeast through the vineyard woods and went to ground in the open near the river, a good hunt of an hour and twenty minutes, with scent getting worse throughout. Neighboring packs which went out an hour later were able to do very little. The following Monday a fox viewed away from the Meade Woods gave us two hours and twenty minutes across the Clay Hill, Shannon Hill, Spout Run and Glenvin farms, the first half of it at a good gallop. On Wednesday the 4th the Rock Hill hounds had a very fast burst from Alben's woods to Sherwood and back to Montana Hall Woods when horses and riders had all they could do to stay with them. On the 7th the same pack had two good hunts in the Horseshoe and Willow Brook districts which Billy Jacobs Greenhalgh, back with her husband from desert maneuvers in the west, enjoyed tremendously. On the 9th the Rock Hill started a fox in Lover's Leap and drove him so hard that he crossed the river

## Riviera Notes

BY TOM PILCHER

Joe Blackwell is giving up his training stable at the Riviera Country Club, to take over the management of the Keck Ranch at San Ynez, Calif., which is devoted to the breeding and development of Thoroughbreds.

According to latest statistics, there are 150 Thoroughbred stallions and 800 brood mares, on the various ranches in California, devoted to breeding racing stock.

Wesley White the well known polo referee, is back again in the Army with rank of Major.

That brilliant young horseman Bobbie Egan of San Mateo, leaves shortly for Fort Riley, to join the U. S. Cavalry.

near White Horse and up the face of Blueball Knob, a most picturesque sight with the cry of hounds echoing and re-echoing across the river. They eventually ran this fox to ground and except for four that changed onto another fox were all at the earth when Huntsman Stickley found them over an hour later.

On Tuesday the 17th (a bye day) the Blue Ridge Hounds met at Woodley. A fox jumped up in the weedy field to the east and ran at a tremendous pace across Brookfield and the Jerry Hough farms into the Mt. Hebron woods and across Craigs run. Thence he turned south through the Hanging Covert to the river bluffs and again east where he was viewed again crossing Parshall's lane. Here a check allowed most of the field, who had been beaten off by the pace, to catch up with hounds who carried the line on to Shepherds Hill, a point of 5 1-2 miles and about eight as hounds ran. The remarkable thing about this hunt was that our pilot was one of that often maligned species, the grey fox. Undoubtedly the proceedings would have pleased that ardent foxhunter, Gen. George Washington, who invariably hunted greys (red foxes not yet having been introduced into Virginia) who received his first instruction in the noble science in the Blue Ridge country at the hands of Lord Fairfax, and who at one time owned much of the land over which we rode that day.

Regular followers of these hounds will remember good gallops from Red Gate and Rosney on the 18th and 21st and good hound hunts from Mt. Airy and Annefield on the 19th and 28th. If scent will improve we may hope for some classic days during December.—A. McK. S.

## Fixtures for December 1942.

Saturday 12, Clay Hill 10 a. m.  
Monday 14, Chapel Hill 10 a. m.  
Wednesday 16, Erin 11 a. m.  
Thursday 17, Caveland 11 a. m.  
Saturday 19, The Cliff 11 a. m.  
Monday 21, Willow Brook, 11 a. m.  
Wednesday 23, Brookfield, 11 a. m.  
Thursday 24, Farnley 11 a. m.  
Saturday 26, Callender 11 a. m.  
Monday 28, Springsbury 11 a. m.  
Wednesday 30, Rosney 11 a. m.  
Thursday 31, Limestone 11 a. m.  
Alexander Mackay Smith, M. F. H.



# Steeplechasing Report

Continued from Page Four

Sanford Stud Farms...	100
Squiers, Miss Peggy...	100
Suter, Miss Edna...	1
Cheston, Charles S...	80
Ingalls, Mrs. Fay...	80
Frock, I. W. ....	75
Tucker, Jr., C. ....	75
Pleet, Herbert...	62
Jeffords, Mrs. Walter M.	60
Smith, Robert...	1
Simmons, Thomas F...	60
Bassett, Mrs. J. F...	50
Clyman, Nat. ....	50
Codd, Paul B. ....	50
Ewing, William...	1
Hall, S. H. ....	50
Michael, J. A. ....	50
Woolfe, Mrs. R. G...	50
Wing, S. Bryce...	50
Kirkpatrick, R. J...	40
Redland Hunt...	40
Williams, B. L. ....	40
Andrews, Miss Gail C.	37
Fisher, Jr., Janon...	30
Seabroke, A. B. ....	30
Edge, Luverne...	25
Law, Harry P. ....	1
Moore, Miss Mary M...	25
Pinchbeck, C. ....	25
Ryder, N. S. ....	25
Stanley, R. W. ....	25
Taylor, R. ....	1
Brown, Carter P...	20
Hughes, Miss Virginia.	20
Mead, Nelson S. ....	20
Middleburg Hunt...	20
Panzner, Max ....	20
Wickes, Jr., Walter...	20
Johnston, Ewart...	15
Mechling, B. F. ....	15
McCann, Joseph...	15
Suter, Edward...	15
Luttrell, L. H. ....	10
Armstrong, T. W...	5
Janney, Jr., Stuart S...	3 (plate)
Graue, Jr., Wm. H...	1 (plate)

Total 242 \$360,673

## Money Winning Horses (\$1,000 or more)

Elkridge	\$28,805
Cottesmore	20,125
Iron Shot	12,840
Bath	10,835
Brother Jones	8,820
Invader	8,375
Lovely Night	7,960
Deanslaw	7,500
Frederic 2nd	6,885
Knight's Quest	6,625
Caddie	6,380
Meeting House	6,015
The Beak	5,845
Good Chance	5,700
Redlands	5,450
Mandingham	5,325
Simoon	5,000
Mad Policy	4,940
Rougemont	4,930
Similar	4,430
St. Patrick's Day	4,195
Stiegel 2nd	4,065
Emmas Pet	3,935
Galley Boy	3,825
Cupid	3,750
Cortesano	3,675
Kennebunk	3,550
Navarin	3,550
Blanket	3,395
Compass Rose	3,245
Pico Blanco 2nd	3,210
Tasmania	3,175
Ahmisk	3,090
Circus	3,000
Picture Prince	2,995
Night Heron	2,970
Bagpipe	2,915
Little Cottage 2nd	2,795
Black Ned	2,650
Arms of War	2,555
Muffled Drums	2,540
Nayr	2,525
Royal Archer	2,450
Strolling On	2,450
Air Marshal	2,400
Silver Birch	2,385
Felt Slipper	2,360
Tioga	2,235
Boojum 2nd	2,225
Sussex	2,150
Lone Gallant	2,135
Dingwell	2,085
Fatal Interview	2,080
Gulliver 2nd	2,075
Ossabaw	2,075
Walkaway	2,030
Enterprise	2,000
Alcadale	1,995
African Boy	1,975
Danny Deever	1,960
Speed Demon	1,905
Chuckatuck	1,900
Parma	1,875
Burma Road	1,850
O'Kelly	1,800
Castleford	1,780
Baris	1,750

# Monmouth County

Continued from Page Five

with hounds and doing well, and Robert Braun, riding his show hunter, **Busy Sergeant**.

The war brought to our hunt Mrs. Charles Z. Case, president of the Genesee Valley Breeders' Association, and her three children, Peggy, Pansy and William. Mr. Case is in England, and because of the difficulties of heating country homes and lack of gas, Mrs. Case moved her family to New York City where the children are in school.

Mrs. Case told me that another of her reasons for moving to town was that she was faced with high living expenses in the country and the problem of possibly having to sell her large stable. Rather than do that, she decided to live in the city and keep four of her good hunters in Red Bank. She commutes regularly. Her children have excellent manners in the field—something that is too seldom stressed now-a-days, and it is certainly our gain to have them with us this season.

But to continue with the actual sport: We found only one hare, but what a hare! We drew blank up to the Prentice's, and there Lee gave a view halloo and away went a big jack. It was the realization of the dream I'd been dreaming all those months in Iowa. **Bill** and I got away on top, hounds flew across the best line of country we have—almost all pasture and big rail fences and

hurdles close to 5'-0"—and **Bill** was out to give me the best ride I'd ever had. The hare went straight south to the old Maher farm where hounds momentarily checked in at an asparagus field, and then went on south again, swinging left and back over another line of good fences to the east pastures on the Prentice's farm. Here we lost her in a cornfield. It was 45 minutes of the very best and fastest hunting we ever enjoyed, and the hound work was beautiful, which speaks well for the summer work Smith had done. A really ripping hunt!

This ends my season with hounds. I'm afraid, since leaves are scarce. After that last run we drew for another hour, but it was very hot, and we had no luck.

It encouraged me to see such a large field out, and it would have been even larger if there hadn't been so many mishaps earlier in the season. Mrs. Haskell told me they started the season with a new high in spills. To their chagrin, Anne Haskell and Florence Rapalyea both got bucked off on the opening meet. Mrs. Haskell was out, due to a cold, and so was Isabelle, who did so beautifully last year.

Added to this, Sylvia Beadleston came a cropper on Saturday, and Smith, with his usual reckless enthusiasm, tipped over twice, but with no serious results.

On my return here I came down with that most undignified disease of chicken pox and have had plenty of time to re-live all those few precious moments of hunting—how well my old Gee jumped this or that fence, how the hounds made their own cast when we lost the hare in the asparagus bed, and how great it was all the way around. It's all very well for those sour-grapes who run down hunting on principle to take this wartime opportunity to say that it must end. Those of us who have lived and breathed hunting look forward to our few days with hounds and live them over and over again. What is more of a morale builder?

There are people at home with spirit such as our farmers—every place we went the farmers greeted us enthusiastically, were glad to see us again and hoped we'd have good sport. There are people at home such as our Master and Mrs. Haskell who keep the sport going despite the vicissitudes of lack of employees, long hard backs, more and more wire everywhere, and still hope to take hounds out twice weekly. There are people at home with spirit such as the Cases and the Ruthrauffs, Bill Foales, Lizzy Knapp, Jimmy Reynolds. And they must be encouraged and helped. In my work as field secretary, I had occasion to know many of these behind-the-scenes people well.

They are the ones who are the backbone of hunting, and they are the ones whose spirit will win the war—and its peace. For truly, the spirit of the hunting field is the American, and the British—good sportsmanship and fair play. And we will keep things like hunting going.

So, having thus waxed sentimental, I return to my poney bed and meditations of those weeks just past, and end this narrative with good wishes and good luck for many, many fine days with hounds for all of us!

## ARAPAHOE HUNT

Route 1, Box 62, Littleton, Colorado. Established 1929. Recognized 1934.



During the month of November, hunting has been steadily improving, due to better weather conditions and fitter horses and hounds. Thanksgiving Day gave us our first real hunting weather—cold and crisp but with a bright sun, and on the Sunday following, the Arapahoe really got back into its stride. Although we haven't had a blank day and thought we were doing well, this last weekend has refreshed our memories as to what hunting really should be.

The first of November, we had a long run in the north ranch over almost endless flat grassy fields west and north of Headquarters, and didn't check until we reached an old farm on the Denver highway by the big canal just over the hill from Littleton—the farthest hounds have run in that direction for three years. Here the coyote disappeared, and was strongly suspected of having crossed the highway through the canal.

The next week, after a good run Thursday in the Tower, the coyote ran in the Tower and Pollack pastures, and gave us a good thirty-five minutes for fast galloping over hills and gullies and through rough scrub-oak, and it was a joy to be riding a former polo pony who really knew how to handle herself. The following week, we met at Colonel and Mrs. Hans Kloefer's Wildcat Ranch for a good hunt and a good breakfast. This meet is always a gala day in our hunting schedule, and it was no disappointment this year. Hounds

Continued on Page Twenty

## HIRSCH JACOBS, AMERICA'S LEADING TRAINER,

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HIRSCH JACOBS  
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Thoroughbred Cough Medicine	Qt. 2.50
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Thoroughbred Body Wash & Brace	Pt. 1.00

California Representative  
**KING'S PHARMACY, ARCADIA**

Complete Line of Veterinary Remedies

### Thanksgiving Day

Continued from Page Two

Field, which was a big one and contained, among other distinguished guests from Washington, the U. S. Secretary of the Navy and the Assistant Secretary of State. The President, who at that time was Theodore Roosevelt, had intended to come but was prevented at the last minute by business of State. I was hunting hounds myself, and after drawing Skinner's and the Marble Quarry blank, I found my first fox in Steptoe Hill covert. Hounds went away at a good pace, running north through the covert and crossing a big wheat field and a little higher up taking the line across Beaver Dam Creek. The fox must have been headed by men working in the wheat field, as he swung right-handed into Utopia, along the left bank of the Creek and recrossed it just above the ford. There were only two or three couples on here, and I was beginning to wonder where the pack had gone, when I heard a holloa over on Steptoe Hill. I had been riding Owaissa, who won the Montreal Hunt Cup for me that year, but he was tired and I shifted onto Fin-castle,—who was to repeat that same performance the following season,—and took hounds at a gallop to the holloa. As we came into the open, far up on the hillside, I could see Chamberlain, who had been laid up with a broken leg, and was out for the first time on a piebald pony, waving wildly from the hill above; and getting to where he was, we got a view of the pack half a mile ahead with my Second Whipper-in, his cap in the air, close behind them. We had to ride hard to catch the leaders but we finally got up to them swinging left-handed at the Marble Quarry and going straight on towards Aldie for three miles, where I viewed our fox hardly two hundred yards ahead of hounds.

Scent was not too good that afternoon but hounds stuck to their fox well, and if he had not been almost amphibious, crossing and recrossing the Creek several times, I think we might have handled him. As it was, he beat us near the Aldie road, and since it was growing late and hounds and horses were tired, I stopped them at 4:00 o'clock. My Diary tells me that I found this fox at 1:40 P. M.; that hounds checked for ten minutes at 2:00, and then ran without any check at all for another hour, finally being stopped, as above noted. It was a rattling good day—one of the best that I remember—and I don't think I shall ever forget Chamberlain, doing his best to keep up with us, and belabouring that poor piebald pony with his crutch.

I have been reading over my old Diaries and there seems to be so many Thanksgiving Days on which we had good hunts that it is rather difficult to find one which stands out from the rest; but I remember a meet at Foxy Keene's old house in Harford County, Maryland, that may bring back pleasant memories to some of the readers of The Chronicle who were there. It seemed as if everyone was out that day—in 1922—everyone who could beg borrow or steal a horse, and the Field must have been close to seventy. I can almost see old Henry, Keene's coloured butler, passing sandwiches and cocktails on the lawn, before we moved off. The cocktails were in green glasses, which caused "Brose" Clark, who was out that day, to nickname them "Green Speed-balls",—

and speed-balls they proved to be before the day was out. The late Frank Bonsal was hunting hounds, and after a bit he found a fox in the Hutchins covert that gave us all we wanted. We had had a dull morning, but after hounds had trailed on a cold line for about a mile, we got up close to our quarry, and he was finally viewed away out of the little woods which lies between Greenbank House and Verdant Valley.

We were all up in the open field above the covert and hounds came out in the valley below and went away towards the Bonsal meadows. Mrs. Frick had asked me if I minded her using me for a pilot, and of course I had said, "not at all", little dreaming that she would or could go the way she did that day. "Brose" slipped over rather an awkward place to get to hounds—and I after him—and when I turned to see what she was doing, there she was just behind us, and we three had a bit of an "edge" on the rest of the Field. But although we were with hounds, we were in a field that had a good big fence all around it and it took a good horse to get out. We had three big fences in that valley,—just "Brose" and Mrs. Frick and I—but when we reached Frank Bonsal's big meadow,

hounds were only just ahead of us. We pulled up for a bit to let Bonsal and the Whipper-in and Foxy Keene get on, and then we all set sail. Down the Bonsal meadows, swinging right-handed along the Little Gunpowder, crossing the Manor Road into the Valentine meadows beyond, and on over a couple of nice fences, we galloped; and always, when I turned around to look, there was little Mrs. Frick on her chestnut horse close at my heels—and believe me, we flew that day, and it took a damn good girl to go the pace we were going.

The "speed-balls" were working and the whole Field was well up and riding hard—with Mrs. Dows and Mrs. Vick and Mrs. Frick all fighting for the lead—and Mrs. Frick keeping it. We went on and presently swung in a big loop towards Wright's, over the Manor Road into his land, down the hill, and then across the road just below Greenbank House into Mrs. Valentine's land. Hounds raced over the meadows and marked their fox to ground at the end of 42 minutes, without a check—one of those really quick things which I shall always remember. Old Foxy Keene, back in his old form again, went brilliantly—

it was one of his last days in the hunting field.

That night, I dined with Keene, who was giving a Thanksgiving Dinner. There were quite a few people there—Mr. and Mrs. Dick, the Bosleys, Frank Voss, and several more—and we had a nice evening and a very good dinner—I think quite the best turkey I ever ate. "Foxy" Keene was a queer stick, but he and I always got on well together and I was very fond of him. His house at Monkton was charming, and it was a sad day for the Harford Hunt when he gave up hunting and moved away.

There is one more Thanksgiving Day hunt—one of the best it is too—which really ought to go into this little story, but it must wait for another day for it is getting late and I must go and dress for dinner. The South Dorset Hounds will be here soon; for we meet close by in the morning. To-night there are only three of us Americans—my wife and Chamberlain and I—but we will have our turkey and our cranberry sauce and our mince pie, and we have much to be thankful for—for the War news is very good to-night and those Britishers who are dining with us have reason to be thankful too.



## Merry Christmas

and

### The Best of Sport For 1943



PUBLISHED BY THE BLUE RIDGE PRESS, BERRYVILLE, VIRGINIA

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## Foxes Reported More Plentiful Than Ever In Great Britain

By J. FAIRFAX-BLAKEBOROUGH

From many areas I have received reports that there are far fewer grey squirrels than there were twelve months ago. This is not the result of trapping or shooting, but due to some epidemic disease which has apparently carried off not the greys only but our native red squirrels. It is strange that both should be susceptible to this disease for the grey squirrel is really a rat and a pest, with few friends, and many heap curses on the heads of those who introduced them into this country from America. Their rapid spread has been one of the most remarkable happenings of recent years in the realms of nature. Almost every man's hand has been against the grey interlopers and yet they have increased in numbers until disease has carried them off wholesale. It is also strange that, although the mortality must have been high as the result of the epidemic, one never sees a dead squirrel. It is said that few have seen a defunct donkey, stoat, weasel, hedgehog, fox, otter or badger, which has died a natural death. I suppose the fact is that their haunts are off the beaten track, and that, like an injured or ailing bird, when these several animals feel that their strength is waning, they hide themselves from sight, knowing that the law of survival of the fittest ordains that the weak or dying will be attacked by their own kind, or by other predatory beasts and birds. So, when the end does come, they are concealed underground, or in undergrowth, and insects or other ghouls, make short work of their flesh, burying the skeleton. From time to time, when rabbits become too numerous in an area, disease carries them off almost to extinction. If foxes increase to greater numbers than a locality can support, mange or inter necine feuds break out. Thus Nature has her own scheme of correction, if not of birth control.

Probably there were never more foxes in Great Britain than there are at the present time, which fact illustrates not only the difficulty of destroying them, but (more pleasant to contemplate) the still remaining protective halo around their heads. Recently one has heard of many litters being dug out and killed. In some cases this has been done (certainly not with good grace) by Hunt staffs. Not in our time have so few foxes been killed by packs of hounds as during the season,—the long stoppage through frost and snow and the early cessation of operations being mainly responsible for this. It is therefore recognized by M. F. H.'s that as a larger breeding stock than usual was left many litters in well-fixed areas have had to be sacrificed when their destruction is simple and before the vixen and her mate, for, though many think otherwise, the dog fox does assist in feeding his offspring) have to provide fur and feather for their families. No one knows what next hunting season will bring—whether a peacetime resumption of sport, or still further curtailment. It is not altogether that the wish is father to the thought that so many sportsmen are convinced that when the piping days of peace return hunting will again flourish. Certainly it will require a financial backing the wherewithal for which will not be in the pockets of the class who did so much to pay the piper prior to 1939. One well-known sportsman recently suggested that many of these were

not as generous as they might have been. He writes.

"Many people who hunt, and derive enormous enjoyment day after day, little realize the work that goes on the whole year, not only in kennel, but throughout the country over which a M. F. H. presides. A subscription, which, considering all the fun enjoyed, is, after all a very small contribution, is often the only responsibility many followers think is theirs. Sometimes the same people will pay £100 for a gun in a shoot, and think £20 ample for four days' hunting a week. When this war comes to an end and we have once more established the right of people to live their own lives, hunting will go on."

One of the first setbacks which will have to be met will be the building up of famous packs (and others which catch foxes without any pretensions to Peterborough standards) which has been reduced to zero. Incidentally, I notice that trail hounds kept by individuals it is true) seem as numerous as ever. Cumberland is the great centre for this type of sport (over which they bet like smoke), and there the season opened a week or two ago with just the same enthusiasm. These hounds are specially bred for speed, and trained to run a drag and never run a fox, although a few outstandingly fast foxhounds have on occasion taken part in trails. They are not very steady for hunting afterwards.

Reverting to the resumption of fox-hunting; in the meantime hunters are a drug in the market. This is not because they would not be a good investment, not because there will not be a big demand and short supply so soon as ever the war is over, but rather because of present difficulties of forage shortage in winter and the greatly reduced area of grass for their summer grazing. Many, who would never have dreamed of parting with their hunters, and would, indeed, have speculated in more, have had their hands forced. They have given away or destroyed old favourites and useful animals, and hated themselves for so doing. Those who can hang on to their stock will unquestionably reap their reward, but the anxieties and difficulties are all the time increasing, and I hear on all sides that although farmers will this season breed from mares which will produce horses to work on the land, few will use a thoroughbred sire. Incidentally, quite a number of horses bred as hunters are being used for ploughing and light carting work instead of spending their days in idleness awaiting the customers who certainly will not come so long as the war lasts. Agricultural horses, especially the clean-legged, active type such as Cleveland Bays, have been bringing big prices in view of the ploughing out orders and the additional work there will be in cutting and carting corn.

We recently had the first case of horse stealing of which I have heard for long. The guilty party wasn't one of the much maligned gypsy fraternity either. They were said to have mysterious powers of "whispering" horses out of pastures, but it was a Yorks groom who the other day disappeared with a valuable hunter owned by a lady M. F. H. Yorkshiremen once had the reputation of being more expert horse thieves than even the Romanies, and a story is told of a Leicestershire man who boasted of the pastureage in his county being so rich and rapid in growth that he could turn out a horse at night and not be able to see his knees for grass next morning. "That's nowt!" said the Yorks graz-

## Horses For Uses

(Editor's note—A letter comes from Earle E. Johnson of the Green Mountain Horse Association. This part of it we are glad to use, as we think he would let us and we believe he has said something that is useful and true, certainly it is "nonpartisan". We gave much space to the Vermont trails this past summer, because we believe that they have this form of recreation down to a real art. Their trails offer something that is necessary, comfort, accessibility and careful management in their laying out. Besides the complete facilities that are offered for anyone to procure a good horse. M. Johnson says, quote:)

"I have never owned a Morgan and probably never shall. My interest has always been in hunters and saddlers. The Thoroughbred and Saddlebred are the only two breeds which I have ever seen that answered that purpose for me. Having lived most of my life in the cow-country I have a fairly good idea of what a stock horse is and I know what the cattlemen need for working horses. I have vacationed in Tennessee, ridden in their Riddathons, and been up on some of their best walking horses. If I were about ninety, just learning to ride and wanted something that was not too hot and easy gaited, I would choose a good walking horse. If I wanted a horse that I could drive, ride and work, I would look for a Morgan because I

fer to whom he was bragging. "In my country you can turn a horse out at night and you can't see him at all next morning." George Borrow tells us that he heard an old ostler at the once famous Horncastle Fair, advise those who put up their animals in the inn yard of which he had charge: "By no manner of means permit a Yorkshireman to get into the saddle, for if you do, it is 3 to 1 he rides off with the horse. He can't help it. Trust a cat with cream, but never trust a Yorkshireman on the saddle of a good horse."

am quite thoroughly convinced that they will do all these things in a very acceptable manner."

## 'Ol Bill

This is the review of a book which I think is good for the soul in these days of war. It revives one's faith in the things to which we were raised. I used to think it was because I spent the days of boyhood in England, that this sort of book gave me a sinking feeling inside, I know now that it is only harking back to what is born in any normal person who loves the outdoors, even though such happenings were a very long time ago.

John Alden Knight has written seven separate stories. His book is beautifully illustrated with drawings by Milton C. Weller. He starts by taking his readers to the Delaware River in New York state, where "Ol Bill" is the character. Then to Salmon Fishing in New Brunswick, on to a tall story around Florida. Then he goes off to duck shooting from the blinds in Chesapeake Bay. Breaks off to sundry mishaps of Pennsylvania sportsmen.

His crowning story, to me, is of a Florida quail shooter in Florida, which he titles "with his boots on". Then he ends in the Pennsylvania hills, where his character applies for a job, and on being told there is not much work, he answers "that's alright, it doesn't take much work to keep me busy."

It's a grand book and never a moment wasted in reading it. The price is five dollars and it is sold by Charles Scribner's 597 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

Some of the "sayings" are wonderful. Here is one:—"any half-baked engineer can build a lake, it takes the Lord Almighty to make a river." Again he says:—"don't never be satisfied with anything." Mr. Knight can come pretty near to being satisfied with "Ol Bill."

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# In The Country:-



## Edward M. Ward, Jr., Transferred

On December 4th, Ted Ward was transferred from Front Royal to Camp Ritchie where he is working under an old friend of his, Harland Meistrell, whom Ward classes as one of the best trainers in the country. "We haven't as many dogs as at Front Royal but nevertheless it is most interesting." His address is K-9 Section Camp Ritchie, Md.

## Chaser Goes To The Half-Miles

John Bosley Jr., took W. S. Sprague's Field Fare to Charles Town, where he opened up the hard twisted gelding over a mile and an eighth, as a breather after his win at Montpelier, when he won the Montpelier Cup steeplechase easily by four lengths. Which bears out what we said of him last Nov. 27, that he has a "varminty eye." We forgot to say that he won at Charles Town too.

## Buy Thunder Punks

Frank E. Plan'e has just purchased a Thoroughbred mare, **Thunder Punks** by **Thunderation**—Miss Punks from Allen E. Dye who has been called into the army. Dye owns the dame of **Thunder Punks**, which dam is a daughter of **Northcliff**—**Little Punks**. Plan'e has resigned as president of the Rock Beach Riding Club in Irondequoit, N. Y., and has been followed in office by John D. Murphy. The Rock Beach Riding Club is a group of horse lovers who rent a barn from Dr. F. L. Stein and maintain it on a club basis—about twelve members, whose stock includes sons of **Harmonicon**, **Hurry Off**, and **Florian**.

## Captain Crowe

1st. Lieutenant Philip K. Crowe has recently been promoted to Captain in the Air Force overseas. Capt. Crowe has kept in touch with The Chronicle by sending in much interesting copy for our subscribers.

## NEW SUBSCRIBERS

The Chronicle welcomes the following new subscribers for the week of December 7th:

Edward F. Servis, New York  
Misses Peggy and Marilyn Rabe, New York  
Pvt. Martin H. Smith, Kansas  
Edward Henkel, Michigan  
Freddy Von Lambeck, New York  
Robert Graham, Virginia  
Edward Huffer, Washington, D. C.  
Rev. James R. McGrath, New York  
Miss Nancy Sehlhorst, Maryland  
Mr. and Mrs. Roy Bayley, California  
Miss Betty Steele, Connecticut  
Mrs. Donald A. Maxson, Virginia  
Miss Susie Hays, Virginia  
Michael Walsh, North Carolina  
John Melton, New York  
Arthur C. Trenary, Virginia  
F. C. Plante, New York  
Miss Kate Ireland, Ohio  
Miss Dedic Knowlton, Washington, D. C.  
W. Halbert Poole, Maryland  
Neil C. Hurley, Jr., Illinois  
John J. O'Leary, Illinois  
Miss Evelyn G. Swartley, Maryland  
Mrs. H. W. Cowin, Minnesota  
Mrs. Marie A. Stone, Wisconsin  
Foster Scott, Wyoming  
Charles Warton, Pennsylvania  
Lt. Gale R. Fletcher, Kansas  
Mrs. Helen Horst, Maryland

## Thoroughbred Racing Ass'n.

The regular annual meeting of 34 member tracks of the Thoroughbred Racing Association was held December 1. Re-elected officers for the year are: John C. Clark, pres., Henry A. Parr III, vice-pres., James E. Dooley, sec'y., and George M. Francis, treas. Other directors are Matt J. Winn, Carleton F. Burke and Benjamin F. Lindheimer. The sport of Thoroughbred racing took a strong and affirmative position on the continuance of racing for the year 1943 and at the same time pledged another all-out effort to continue to aid the war relief charities for next year. The directors reported that over 90 per cent of the funds raised for war relief activities by racing in 1942 were through the initiative and energy of the various member tracks of the Thoroughbred Racing Associations.

## Accelerator Dead

**Accelerator**, probably the most loved horse in central New York, has died after a very brief illness. **Accelerator**, better known by everyone who knew him as **Silly**—and his popular young owner and rider, Mrs. Frederic Schermerhorn who was formerly Jane E. Louise Dunn, have rarely missed a show within miles of Syracuse for 12 years and the honors and friends they made as a pair were many. He was not only a faithful and consistent jumper, but a very good conformation hunter.

## Kentucky Mares To Colorado

Mrs. Reginald Sinclair has added to her fine stock of Thoroughbreds at Plum Creek Ranch, four good broodmares which Billy Hayhurst brought back for her from Kentucky. They are **Pomphill** by **Pompey**, and bred to **Tiger**; **Firecracker** by **Imp. Pot Au Feu**, out of **Gentle Play** by **My Play**, and bred to **Reaping Reward**; **Sickle Pear** by **Imp. Sickle** out of **Serenity** by **Man o'War**, and **Spearmald** by **Imp. Chicle** out of **Eden Hall** by **Imp. Armearth 2nd** and bred to **Diavolo**.

## Arapahoe Hunt

Continued from Page Seventeen

picked up a coyote in the east ranch which took us straight to the Pinnacles. They checked at the base of this rock mesa, officially named Wildcat Mountain, worked slowly up the south side, across the broad field at the top where a high wind was blowing, and down the north side which is almost impenetrable rock and brush. The coyote then turned south-east and circled, only to come back to the Pinnacles again. Once more a hardy field struggled up the steep cliff, but fortunately hounds ran east off the more gently sloping side, and made another wider circle, but we called it a day when he came back to the Pinnacles for the third time. We had an hour and eighteen minutes of working, with 35 minutes of actual galloping. Both Peter Gray's and Mrs. Shaffroth's horses unfortunately were caught in a loose strand of barb wire; Peter's kicked free, but Mrs. Shaffroth's horse was badly cut, and probably won't be able to go out again this season.

We had a light snow the 22nd, and with 17½ couples went north. Mrs. Kloefer tallyhoed from the car, and hounds crossed into the Tower, swung east up the Anticlimb. Scent was spotty but improved as we ran south and west again. The coyote was viewed just ahead of hounds, but half a mile further hounds checked, and a mistaken view took them off the true line, and they were not able to pick it up again.

On Thanksgiving Day, with per-

fect hunting weather, hounds were eager, and worked noticeably faster all day. We were only out a few minutes when 2 coyotes were seen running east toward the Anticlimb; hounds were put on the line and gave us a fast run of twenty minutes which ended at the buffalo fence. After George had extricated several hounds over the eight foot fence around this enclosure, we worked back to pick up the second coyote which we soon found going west in the Tower pasture. This coyote was also fond of buffalo, and turned south by the Tower lake, crossed to the south ranch and went under the fence on the west side. However, he had given us 25 minutes good galloping, and we were satisfied to call it a good day.

On the 29th, with the largest and most distinguished field out this year, including our master, Captain Lawrence Phipps, here on leave and out for the first time this season, and Mr. Edgerton Throckmorton of Chicago, we started north to hunt our best country. Of course, we were all hoping to give our Master a top hunt, and show the visitors what we can do out here in the west. A fast hunt and one over our best north country was the order for the day, and a keyed-up hunt staff and field moved briskly out to try their luck. We were out about 20 minutes when a tallyho started us on our first run. Hounds hit the line and broke into a beautiful chorus; up the Anticlimb they flew, across the panel into the Tower and up a rock covered hill; then the coyote as we had so hoped, turned north from the hills into the flat prairie and ran west far into the Pollack, turned and came back to make a complete circle. Here hounds slowed down a little; the line was difficult to follow in the brush country near kennels, but with short bursts and checks we worked our way around kennels into the south ranch and back again to our original starting point. The scent vanished after an hour and fifteen minutes run, and though we worked completely around the point, we were unable to pick up the line again. However, after half an hour, another tallyho in the Tower pasture sent us on our way again. Once more the coyote ran up the Anticlimb. On top, hounds checked, but a few seconds later the quarry jumped up out of a gully right in front of them, and headed north. This coyote gave us an hour's run over good galloping country beyond headquarters and west. He picked up two of his family on the way, and we almost had a split pack, but thanks to a view and good work of hounds, stayed on the true line. The more coyotes we picked up and the faster we flew, the more the field dropped out, including a couple of officers from a tough mule pack outfit at Camp Carson. After an hour of almost constant galloping we pulled up our tired horses and the five members left in the field headed home with hounds. We were out 4½ hours and had covered about 25 miles and it was the perfect ending to relax at a "Dutch Treat" breakfast—everybody contributing drinks, hams, salad and pies, and long into the afternoon the Caboose or clubhouse was resounding to the chorus of John Peel and Drink Puppy Drink.

We have enjoyed having the following officers and wives from Camp Carson out on various hunts: Major and Mrs. W. M. Griffith, Captain and Mrs. Jack Murphy, Lieutenants Bill McLean, Robin Overstreet, Bob Patterson, Larry Drake and West Porter—H. C. N.

## Brandywine

Continued from Page Eleven

cast down wind recovered the line, and the pack worked on—although more slowly—past the Downingtown Y. M. C. A. Camp, crossing the West Chester-Downingtown Highway, and swimming east fork of the Brandywine at that point.

The Field had to ride down a very steep wooded hill here to the Brandywine, but luckily a farmer's bridge was nearby, and contact with the pack was regained on the east side of the Brandywine. All of the hounds were up with the exception of one of the young entry, who had been left behind.

The fox was viewed afresh out of a large woodland on the east branch of the Brandywine, and made a circling run of another hour in the hilly country there. Finally, he was viewed recrossing the Brandywine in the direction of his home, and, as gunners had reported that he was exceedingly tired, and, having no desire to kill this good fox, the Master stopped the pack at the Brandywine, and roamed home.

The point from the find to Lenape to the check at Brandywine School House below Downingtown was just nine miles as the crow flies, and about ten miles as hounds ran. The time was just one hour. The distance covered by hounds in the latter part of the run was roughly about five miles, making the entire length of the run as hounds ran say fifteen miles plus a back of five miles home on the road.

There were many exciting and amusing incidents in this run, and many fine views of the pack in full cry. The wind, however, made it somewhat difficult to hear hounds. Mary Mather's horse rolled down a cliff in a woodland. She jumped off, however, and neither was hurt. Caswell, out for the first time this season, was in his element. G. M.

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